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LETTERS

The draft is daft

I must take exception to Charles Peters' "delight" over Peter Hamill's *Mother Jones* essay advocating universal national service ["Tilting at Windmills," July/August]. Far from being "highly persuasive," Hamill's proposal is unworkable and morally untenable.

Mandatory national service would be unlikely to force the young to "assume responsibilities," as Hamill puts it. Values are learned, not coerced. The one value that Hamill's plan might teach is that political power-holders may interfere at will with the lives and wishes of everyone else. Indeed, Hamill's piece evidences very little hesitancy in determining what is in people's interest, who is liable for compulsory self-enrichment, and the form that this state-imposed benevolence will take.

More disturbing still, why does Hamill's view that it would be good for youth to toil in inner cities for two years justify servitude? To decide what is good for others and to then compel them if they disagree to acquiesce to this mandatory benefit is a totalitarian approach to public policy.

Hamill's zeal notwithstanding, there can be, by definition, no "democratic" conscription. In a free society, the state has the preeminent function of ensuring the populace's liberty. Any program of compulsory national service, regardless of how loftily motivated, is irretrievably inconsistent with this ideal.

JIM WINSTON
Carmichael, California

Why they spy

Despite its useful gathering of statistics on our overburdened security clearance system, William McGowan's article, "Why We Can't Catch More Spies" (July/August), greatly oversimplifies one key aspect of security investigations—spy motivation. His worthy proposal to "eliminate, or at least reduce, the bureaucratic and personal pressures that produce too much classification, too many clearances, sloppy investigation, and too little reinvestigation," while useful to security needs on a cost-efficiency basis, will not prevent replays of the Walker case.

There is simply not enough evidence to support the well-intentioned opinions that money is the master motive of spies today. The Soviets may be paying more for American secrets, but then so are other foreign powers. For every spy who receives a considerable sum over a career in spying, many other spies receive little or nothing.

The history of contemporary espionage shows that while spies may appear to spy for one major reason, there can be a bewildering variety of motives involved. There are at least *seven* general motives in spying, though it is difficult without knowing the circumstances of each individual case to rank them in importance: patriotism, or a sense of duty to one's country; ideology, including communism, a philosophy, creed, or religious belief; frustration with one's situation or life; adventure-seeking; money or greed; vanity; and coercion, including being forced to spy by blackmail, physical force, fear or indebtedness to a person or group. A person may spy for any one or a combination of these motives, but even after a spy may confess it can be difficult to determine precise motives.

Christopher Boyce and Andrew Lee, for example, were middle-class Californians arrested in the 1970s for selling U.S. spy satellite secrets to the Soviets. Money was one of the drug-dealer Lee's motives, but he was also a close friend of Boyce, who was alienated by American politics and was one of the millions of Americans employed in companies with government contracts and access to secrets. Neither Lee nor Boyce were poor or disadvantaged, and they decided to approach the Soviets.

Lie detectors, elaborate regulations, or a reduction in the number of persons with security clearances will not appreciably improve our security without also greater knowledge of the psychology of spies and a higher level of public security consciousness.

There will be no easy "solutions," and certainly those

Gregg Herken

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put forward by Senator Sam Nunn and Mr. McGowan will *not* be the answer. Nor will they get at the root of our security problem, which is more moral, psychological, and political than bureaucratic and mechanical. A more effective counter-espionage program can work if we take a creative approach to government research into the psychology of espionage. In the area of education, our national security can benefit from educating government employees and our citizenry about the dangers of espionage. I would include material on counter-espionage even in civics textbooks. Finally, Congress should consider stiffening penalties for espionage, strengthening the counter-espionage capabilities of the FBI, and reducing the numbers of communist bloc "diplomats" allowed to reside in our country.

DOUGLAS L. WHEELER
Durham, New Hampshire

A leashed watchdog

The article by Tony Blinken ["The Consumer News You Never See," July/August] refers to *The Washington Post*'s ombudsman, Sam Zagoria, with more complete acceptance than should be given.

A "true" ombudsman should be independent, neutral, have the power to see all records, and should make recommendations without intervening in the actual decision-making process.

An in-house ombudsman has a conflict of interest.

CHARLES L. SMITH
Berkeley, California

Merit pay for buses

As a transportation planner I have been particularly interested in making public transportation more efficient but have been dissatisfied with progress thus far. [See "Saving New York's Subways," Jonathan Alter, June.] The conservative response is either we don't need public transportation or let the private sector do it (which in reality is the same thing). The liberal will gladly pour money into transportation but the results thus far leave something to be desired.

Since 1981 the Reagan administration has been trying to get the federal government out of transit financing, claiming it's a local function and that transit subsidies have produced few results. I believe that while transit is a local function, the federal government has a role to play. For one, the federal government subsidizes urban expressways and roads. Out of fairness, the same should be offered to transit. Second, it is in the national interest to conserve land and energy and to reduce pollution. Transit is an important tool in accomplishing these goals.

Transit subsidies have, however, been greatly misspent. Keeping fares artificially low, allowing astronomical wage increases and gold-plated capital projects, and extending infrequent service into low density suburbs does little to increase ridership. My proposal is for transit systems to earn subsidies. Transit systems would be grouped in four or five classifications, based on population of service area. Funds would be appropriated to each class and each system would receive funding based on linked passenger trips or passenger miles. Systems would earn subsidies the same way they earn fares—the more people they carry, the more money they receive. Transit systems would eventually learn that in order to receive more they would have to spend money on items that will produce riders, instead of wasting it on goldplates and inflated salaries.

RON KILCOYNE
Berkeley, California

Cutting college costs

This isn't the first time you've said that ". . . for years now college professors have been earning more for teaching less" ["Tilting at Windmills," May]. I've waited too long for someone else to reply to this falsehood. In constant dollars, college faculty are paid 19 percent *less* now than they were in 1970. By comparison, over the same period of time, salaries in service industries fell 2 percent, government salaries fell 1.4 percent, and manufacturing salaries increased 3 percent. These figures are taken from an article published in the spring 1985 issue of *Footnotes*, a publication of the American Association of University Professors. Identical statistics are available from many sources and will be confirmed by the personal experience of any professor who isn't too ashamed of his or her salary to talk about it.

As a father of four children, I am concerned about escalating college costs; if I were overpaid perhaps I would be less so. I think there is a more rational way of meeting college costs. One of the hidden costs of higher education is the increasing responsibility assumed by the universities to allow released time for research without any compensation. Elimination of the "publish or perish" doctrine would probably result in a welcome relief to university library budgets and possibilities for further increases in teaching load.

BRUCE CONRAD
Philadelphia, Pennsylvannia

Pro-choice in bumpers

While I agree with Charles Peters ["Tilting at Windmills," May] that the Reagan administration has been derelict in its handling of public and consumer safety, he is wrong in using the elimination of the five-mile-per-hour bumper on cars as an example.

The five-mph bumper is only useful to drivers who do a large majority of driving in urban environments. They confer no safety protection in collisions over five mph—in fact they add to repair costs in such collisions. They also add weight and extra cost to cars.

I am not arguing that consumers should not have

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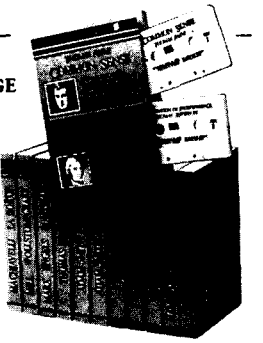

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the option of buying cars equipped with five-mph bumpers. These bumpers should be offered as options to drivers in car-dense urban areas where sub-five-mph collisions are common.

Treating the elimination of the five-mph bumper regulation as a consumer safety issue diverts attention from issues that are relevant to auto safety: stricter licensing requirements, tougher drunk-driving laws, and mandatory seat-belt-use laws.

JOHN D. MARSH
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

It's a Doc's life

For the past ten years I have watched my wife go through the hazing ritual known as "medical training," so I am always glad to see articles pointing out the glaring faults of the system and looking for ways to correct them. However, Paul Barrett in "The PreMed Machine" (May) puts too much emphasis on the killer premed. Yes, they do exist, but the stereotype is more a mythological figure than a widespread phenomenon.

The major problem I've seen, and this should probably be the subject of another article, is what happens when premeds reach medical school. No matter how broad-based their undergraduate years were, they can forget all that in med school. Most medical schools, although they do not say it, use med students and interns as cheap labor and put them through such horrifying schedules that, when they finally emerge from their cocoons around age 30, they do feel as if life has passed them by and they are owed something by just about everyone. The argument every administrator will throw at you is that this training is necessary and that it makes for good physicians who can work under stress. This, politely put, is self-serving baloney that only perpetuates the image doctors have of themselves as somehow special people. We wouldn't get on a plane if the pilot had had to work 40 hours without sleep under constant stress. Why should we go to a hospital when the intern may have just done that?

MARK F. SILVER
St. Louis, Missouri

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CONTENTS

Volume Seventeen, Number Nine October 1985

Tilting at Windmills
by Charles Peters
Greedy eye doctors...doggie health spas...phony FAA tests...and other odds and ends....
6

Valley of the Duds
Inside Hollywood's Bad Movie Machine
by Timothy Noah
Entrepreneurship runs amok in Tinseltown.
10

Why Gary Hart Lost
by Jack Germond and Jules Witcover, Peter Goldman and Tony Fuller, and William Henry III
The key events in the decline and fall of the candidate with "new ideas."
22

The Right Stuff
In the Wrong Place
by Edward C. Ingraham
An eyewitness account of Chuck Yeager's crash landing in Pakistan.
35

The Navy's Plane Stupidity
by Scott Shuger
Six hundred dollars for an ashtray is bad enough, but why is anyone smoking anyway?
43

The 99% Fallacy
by David Evans
A Marine nuclear targeting officer says Star Wars can't do the job.
45

Victims
by Louella Thiriot
A dispatch from the frontier of modern fiction.
48

Is Anybody Out There Watching:
Charlie Wick's Latest Flop
by Mark Schapiro
The USIA tries an end run around European journalists.
51

LETTERS 1
WHO'S WHO 49
MEMO OF THE MONTH 29
MONTHLY JOURNALISM AWARD 43
POLITICAL PUZZLE 32
TIDBITS AND OUTRAGES 38
POLITICAL BOOKNOTES 54

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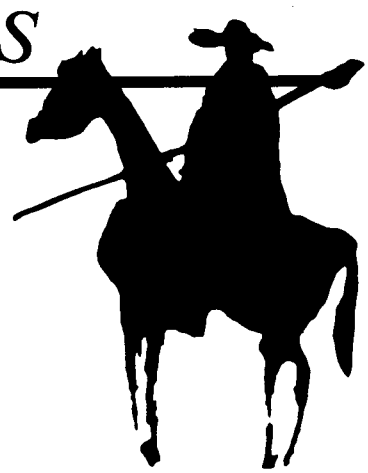
TILTING AT WINDMILLS



How is public education going to improve if the television news programs continue to recommend the wrong solutions to its problems? Last month I pointed out that Robert MacNeil's implied endorsement of across-the-board salary increases would only encourage bad teachers as well as the good to stay in the system. Now comes CBS in the form of a report by Eric Engberg on Dan Rather's September 5 Evening News with another terrible idea: "The pool of education graduates must grow." Nowhere during the five-or six-minute segment was the intellectual emptiness of most education courses mentioned. Nor was there the slightest hint that a liberal arts graduate with a strong substantive major and teaching aptitude might actually be preferable to an education major. Instead the education degree was accepted as a kind of Good Housekeeping seal, guaranteeing quality. I could not believe what I was hearing. Didn't anyone on the staff of the Evening News know better?. . . .

All of you who have ever hired a consultant will surely feel the warm glow of recognition upon hearing these recommendations by a consultant to the University of the District of Columbia: hire more consultants, have more meetings, and engage a "facilitator" to conduct "workshops." A typical sentence from the consultant's report: "One of the most difficult tasks facing the unit is the determination of information needs, thus providing decision framework for deployment and evaluation analyses.". . .

In West Los Angeles, a new health spa, complete with sauna and jacuzzi has just opened. What kind of news is that, you ask. California is full of health spas with saunas and jacuzzis. True, but this one is for dogs. If Fido has been lying around eating all day, you can send him to the Doggery, which will, according to the *Los Angeles Herald Examiner,* "take off extra pounds, build muscles, relax aching joints, and recommend an individually tailored diet.". . .

Did you know that almost two-thirds of this country's unemployed receive no unemployment compensation? This means there are a lot of desperate people. Men who have exhausted their benefits can't get welfare in most states. Neither can childless women. At the same time, all states

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still allow unemployment compensation to be paid to people who don't need it. Why not take it away from them and extend the benefits of those who are in need? There should, of course, be work requirements so that people don't use the compensation to avoid working. I believe, by the way, that the same requirements should apply to all welfare recipients who do not have pre-school children. I am appalled by the arguments against workfare. "It's punishing people for being poor, says one Georgia legislator. "They are forced to work free." The hell they are. They're getting welfare payments, and, if they can work for them, they should....

When I hear talk from my conservative friends about further tax cuts, I think they're out of their minds. My guess is that we're going to have to raise taxes, not just because of the deficit, but because of such vastly expensive tasks that loom before us as cleaning up toxic wastes and rebuilding the nation's infrastructure. Consider highways and bridges. Three-fourths of the country's bridges are more than 50 years old. Approximately 210,000 miles of highway are rated as in "poor" or "very poor" shape by state transportation officials. Another million miles are rated only "fair."...

I do not ordinarily believe in exulting in the misfortunes of others, but there are certain kinds of guys who have always gotten away with it who have, at least in the last year, been getting their just deserts. In Washington, Charles O. Starrett, the boss who punished a whistle-blower for telling the truth, has himself been fired by the Pentagon upon the recommendation of the Merit Systems Protection Board, which had investigated the whistleblower's case. In Philadelphia, a federal grand jury has indicted a top General Electric official and two former high-ranking GE managers on charges of defrauding the Pentagon on a nuclear-warhead systems contract. In Chicago, a judge found three corporate officials guilty of murder in the death of an employee whom they knowingly permitted, along with other workers, to be exposed to cyanide fumes in their workplace.

Accountability in such cases has been rare in American life. It should be the rule....

In terms of low quality employees, it is a close call in Washington as to whether the General Services Administration, the Labor Department, or the Small Business Administration deserves the prize. But in terms of sold-out cynicism, the Federal Aviation Administration is the clear winner. For example, the FAA has certified that a Boeing 757 can be evacuated in 90 seconds in the event of an accident. What was the basis for the certification? A test in which there was no smoke, no fire, no panic for fear of death. There were no people over 60. There were no children. Most of the "passengers" were Boeing employees. The flight attendants knew where to expect every bottleneck because of special training they received in the three days before the test. As H. Josef Hebert of the Associated Press points out about such a test:

"No one is fatigued after hours of travel; no one struggles to save prized possessions....And finally, test passengers—unlike airline travelers—are all sober."...

In the Department of Public Works of Charleston, West Virginia 120 people were employed at the beginning of 1983 who are still there today. In 1983 112 were registered Democrats. Today 105 are registered as Republicans. What happened to cause this dramatic change in political philosophy? Did everyone start watching The McLaughlin Report? Or did they join the Conservative Book Club? Either, of course, may be the explanation. But there is also the slightest possibility that the change was related to the 1983 mayoral election in which the voters of Charleston chose the Republican candidate over the Democratic incumbent....

From time to time we have pointed out some of the quainter ethical practices of American physicians. The quaintest of all may be those associated with cataract surgery. This is the most common surgical procedure paid for by Medicare. It will be performed on 1.2 million people this year. During the

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surgery, a plastic lens is implanted in the eye.

Naturally, the manufacturers of these lenses have sought to persuade surgeons to use their products. "Inducements," according to a report of the House Select Committee on Aging, "have ranged from outright payments of cash to physicians in the form of $50 deposits in Cayman Island accounts for each lens purchased, to 'free stock' in the manufacturers, keys to resort condominiums, yachts, cars, and houses, trips to Colorado, Europe, etc. for 'medical' skiing seminars and large payments for phony 'consultant work.'" These have all been gratefully received by the American medical community. The result, according to the Associated Press is that "more than $2 billion the federal government will pay for cataract surgery this year will be wasted because of kickbacks to doctors, unnecessary operations, and overcharges." Those Cayman Island banks are going to have to build bigger vaults....

Recently, it was discovered that Iranian agents had gained access to the Navy's $36 billion inventory of weapons and equipment. An investigation of how this happened revealed, according to the *Los Angeles Times*, that almost any item in the military inventory can be ordered by anyone with access to the supply system's computers simply by entering a national stock number. No check is made on the legitimacy of orders received by the supply center. The Navy has not conducted a "wall-to-wall" inventory at its supply centers in more than 20 years....

When I read about the crash of that Delta jet in Dallas, I immediately recalled a similar experience of my own. I was flying into Washington's National Airport in a small private plane piloted by my friend, Joe Crowley. When we were about 500 feet from touching down on the main runway, the voice of an air traffic controller came over the plane's radio ordering us to switch to another runway. It didn't seem to me that there was nearly enough time or room to do what was asked. I was scared, plenty scared. But Joe managed to pull it off, and we landed safely. The reason for the change was that a jet was coming in behind us, and if we both tried to land on the first runway, it might have been a tight squeeze. In Dallas, the Delta pilot was told to slow down so that he wouldn't land on the heels of the plane ahead of him. This meant that when the wind shear drove him downwards he didn't have enough speed to remain airborne.

What none of the stories that I read about the event pointed out was that this wreck—and my close call—could have been prevented if controllers did not have to land so many planes so fast. This means spreading out flight arrivals and departures so that they aren't all bunched between 8 and 9 in the morning and 5 and 6 in the afternoon. Joe Crowley's plane was landing around 5 p.m., the Delta jet around 6. Another possible solution—forgive me, Joe—is to forbid private planes to use busy airports at rush hour. Either solution would, by the way, help reduce the strain on controllers who are most in danger of getting rattled when the traffic becomes fast and furious....

Not long ago a friend sent me a clipping from the *Atlanta Journal* that began, "Social Security Administration officials in Atlanta now think as many as 4,000 July checks are missing." It seems this kind of thing happens enough that, according the *Journal*, the Social Security Administration has instituted what it calls a "mass-loss procedure." ...

If you have ever tried to get information from the federal government, you have probably invested anywhere from six months to a lifetime in the undertaking. But when Ellison Grayson of Arlington, Virginia, asked the Department of Defense to give him the names and addresses of 1.4 million servicemen, he got them in two weeks. Can't you hear what they would have said to you, "These dedicated men and women are entitled to their privacy—we just can't go around handing their names out to anyone." Why didn't Grayson hear something like that? Well, it seems he was working for the Reagan-Bush Campaign Committee in the 1984 election.

"Grayson," according to

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Aaron Epstein of the Knight-Ridder papers, "said he turned the tapes over to the National Republican Senatorial Committee, which he said paid $1,442 to cover government expenses—about one-fiftieth the cost of similar targeted mailing lists on the commercial market."...

One fact most outsiders don't know about the government: federal job applicants who want to work as stenographers and secretaries are not given typing and shorthand tests. The government relies on the applicant's "self-certification." This may explain why you haven't gotten that letter of apology the IRS owes you. No one can type it....

Speaking of government employees, we've already told you that their number has grown under Reagan. But did you know that the number of state and local employees is also growing? The total number of local, state, and federal employees now stands at 16,436,000. And that's just the civilians....

One of the leaders in the public employee field is the District of Columbia, which now has 762.9 employees—just local, not counting federal—for each 10,000 residents. (Pennsylvania, by contrast, has just 380.2 or roughly half the number of the District.) The District's employees receive an average monthly salary of $2,338. Why, with so many well-paid employees, do District residents have to wait in line for four hours to get their cars inspected?

This would be a good story for the *Post* to look into. Indeed, it seems to me that the District's government is a veritable treasure trove of potentially revealing news stories. The fact that people close to the mayor are crooks (his former girlfriend was getting out of jail as his ex-wife was going in, both for crimes committed while close to him) may not be conclusive as to his own guilt, but it certainly is suggestive of certain lines of inquiry that reporters might profitably pursue. Almost every day a story appears about some action of the District government that has a pronounced tip-of-the-iceberg feel. Just recently there was the account of how the deputy mayor had approved a $500,000 low-

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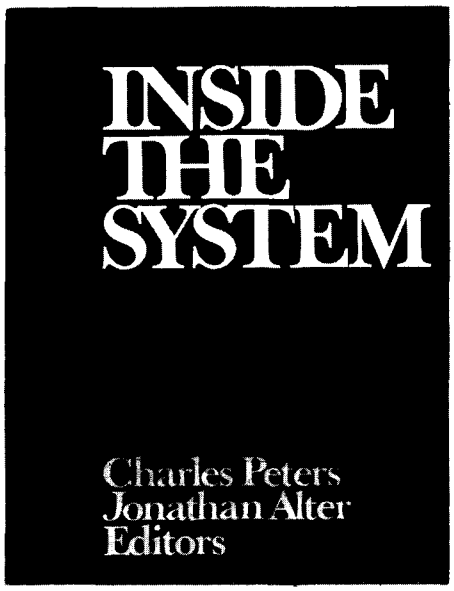

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interest loan to finance the construction of a luxury hotel. The loan, according to a news story, "will come from community block grant funds that are supposed to be used to provide jobs, low and moderate income housing, and development in economically depressed areas of the city."...

John Lehman has committed the Navy to a shipbuilding program of such a size that we will not be able to afford the bases, the manpower, the maintenance, and the munitions it will require. This is the sober warning of two thoughtful articles that appeared recently in *The Wall Street Journal* and *The New York Times.* The *Times* article, written by Bill Keller, whose book review appears on page 62 of this issue, also questions whether the Navy has neglected building some of the ships it needs, such as "amphibious ships to deliver marines to far-off battle zones, mine-sweeping ships, and antisubmarine helicopters." There is no question in my own mind that Lehman has been wrong in his emphasis on giant aircraft carriers and battleships....

Not long ago I got a note: "Dear Charlie—'Craven?' Really! You can do better than that. Best, Gary." It was Gary Hart complaining about my description in a recent issue of a speech he gave to the National Education Association. Craven was too strong a word. The speech was not as courageous as I would have liked, but it was still better than most politicians would have made. The problem is that I admire Gary Hart and I tend to have high expectations of those I admire. This means they sometimes come in for severe criticism in these pages. See, for example, Robert M. Kaus's article on Hart in September 1981 and our conclusion to the material on the 1984 campaign in this issue. Marie Cuomo and Bruce Babbitt, whom I also admire, will probably encounter similar treatment as they, too, come closer to the presidency, which I think they will in the next few years....

The good news in a recent report is that there are now 6,056 black elected officials in the United States. The bad news is that this is only 1.2 percent of the total...

A recent study compared charitable giving in Washington with that in six other metropolitan areas. Washington came in seventh. Another study compared nine cities in the amount of private money given to the arts. This time Washington came in second. New York was not included in either study, but my guess is that it would have scored much as Washington did.

The reason is that in both Washington and New York taste has become the dominant definer of class. It used to be that you could rise socially by giving charity balls. Today in Washington and New York it's better to know the right movies, artists, dance companies, and restaurants. Knowing the right restaurants has become so important that *The New York Times* now gives its restaurant critic $60,000 a year in expense money so that he can be sure to keep its readers up to date on this crucial information. What does the Washington lawyer do with all that money he makes? He buys the right car, vacations in the right place, and hangs the right paintings on his walls.

The problem with all this is that we're creating a social system in which consuming with good taste is the highest value. This means people, instead of giving, are focusing on acquiring. This could be as damaging to America as the British class system, by disparaging economically creative hard work, was to Britain....

Because I grew up in West Virginia and understand how tough life has been for its people and how little they have shared in the prosperity that has been the rule in the rest of the country since 1940, I could only weep when I read this poll that appeared last month in *The Charleston Gazette*:

"The mayor of South Charleston has said he would welcome a plant that makes toxic chemicals in his community because of the jobs and tax revenues it would bring. If it were your community, would you agree or disagree with him?"

The results were: 59.3 percent agreed, 27.4 percent disagreed, and 13.3 percent were undecided....

—*Charles Peters*

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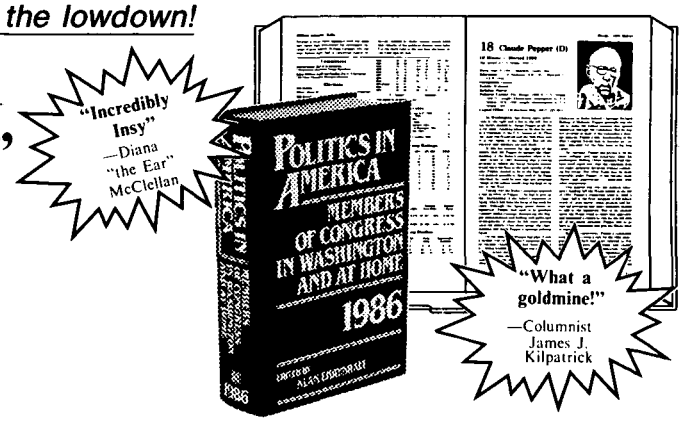

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1-MINUTE CAPITOL HILL QUIZ

1. Tossed Vietnam medals over White House fence
2. Said: "Everybody in America ought to take a 5% pay cut. Then we'd really be doing something."
3. Born in Bialystok, Poland
4. Home state paper called her "an injured wren"
5. His district is home of the National Tobacco Spitting Contest
6. Once proposed energy-related tax credit for macadamia nut industry
7. Abused as a child, authored Missing Children Act
8. Opponent called him "most popular man in the Senate"; he called Jesse Helms "obnoxious"
9. Arrested by Nazis several times in 1940 for trying to help concentration camp victims
10. Dates movie actress Debra Winger
11. Proposes his district as nuclear waste storage site

a. Sen. Alan Simpson (R-Wyo.)
b. Gov. Thomas Kean (R-N.J.)
c. Rep. "Sonny" Montgomery (D-Miss.)
d. Rep. Claude Pepper (D-Fla.)
e. Rep. Sid Morrison (R-Wash.)
f. Gov. John Ashcroft (R-Mo.)
g. Rep. Mickey Edwards (R-Ok.)
h. Rep. Michael Barnes (D-Md.)
i. Sen. Nancy Kassebaum (R-Kan.)
j. Rep. Sala Burton (D-Cal.)
k. Gov. Robert Kerrey (D-Neb.)
l. Sen. John Kerry (D-Mass.)
m. Rep. Spark Matsunaga (D-Hawaii)
n. Sen. Paula Hawkins (R-Fla.)
o. Sen. Claiborne Pell (D-R.I.)
p. Rep. Helen Delich Bentley (R-Md.)

How do you rate? 1-l; 2-h; 3-j; 4-i; 5-c; 6-m; 7-n; 8-a; 9-o; 10-k; 11-e;

12 or more correct answers: You're a promising scoundrel, since there were only 11 questions. There's a future for you testifying on "the shrinking federal deficit." **10-11** correct answers: You're a hopelessly hooked political junkie, and need CQ's *Politics in America* as a daily fix. **7-9** correct answers: A "Capitol Hill comer," your career will brighten with the turn of every page in *Politics in America*. **4-6** correct: You're a neophyte, or you underestimate the importance of the "people factor" in Washington. Wise up with *Politics in America*. **3 or fewer:** You're at a serious disadvantage in DC watering holes. Order *Politics in America* to raise your scoring potential.

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Inside Hollywood's bad movie machine

ALLEY OF THE DUDS

by Timothy Noah

Feeling blue about widening trade deficits? One way to cheer up is to consider the beating the Japanese are taking these days from the American movie industry. A recent edition of the *Japanese Economic Journal* carried movie listings for 50 theaters in Tokyo; 23 of the 50 were showing American films, compared to 20 showing Japanese films. MITI doesn't win every time.

Things look bright for Hollywood on the domestic front, too. Thanks mostly to the development of "multiplex" cinemas sprouting up in shopping malls across the country, the number of movie screens in America has increased in recent years. During the last five years, so has attendance. In 1984, nearly 1.2 billion tickets were sold in the U.S.—more than in any year since 1961. At the same time, there's a growing ancillary market for movies in the form of cable and other TV outlets, including the video cassette boutiques that have become a new fixture on Main Street.

So why, when everybody's hungry for success stories about American business (and when America is being led by a former movie star), do economists and newspaper columnists fail to celebrate Hollywood? One explanation is that, as major American industries go, the movie industry has little effect on the overall economy. It employs only about 200,000 people, from Sylvester Stallone to the high school student who tears your ticket at the door. By comparison, the automobile industry employs nearly three million.

But I suspect another reason: those economists and newspaper columnists have been to the movies lately. Movies these days really aren't very good. Most seem aimed cynically at a "target market" of adolescents whose tastes couldn't possibly be as predictable as the movie titles suggest. As I write, the local theaters are playing *The Return of the Living Dead, Teen Wolf, Pee-Wee's Big Adventure, Summer Rental, The Bride* (of Frankenstein), *Fright Night, National Lampoon's European Vacation,* and, of course, *Rambo.* Not having seen all these, I have to concede that some may be surprises. But even when movies like these are entertaining, they are basically more of the same. Moviemaking has gotten so formulaic that it is possible for there to be three comedies about teenage science nerds playing at the same time—*Weird Science, Real Genius,* and *My Science Project.* The predominance of movie sequels (*Rocky IV* is due out soon) bears further testament to Hollywood's failure of imagination.

This past summer, however, audiences took some revenge on Hollywood's low estimation of public tastes: ticket sales dipped to $1.42 billion, compared to $1.58 billion in the summer of 1984. (The science project movies all bombed, suggesting that the *Andy Hardy Gets Laid* genre mercifully may have run out of steam.) Summer box office receipts are so important that it's possible that this year's total attendance will drop for the first time in five years. But even when attendance figures have climbed, that hasn't necessarily been a vote of confidence; audiences may just be showing what they'll put up with.

Why aren't movies better? Part of the reason is that the movie business is plagued by some of the same problems that plague other American industries. As in many aging industries, Hollywood's unions have driven wage rates up and insisted on a maze of work rules that undercut productivity. At the same time, Hollywood's managers have, like their counterparts elsewhere, fallen prey to "market-driven" strategies that undermine quality. They also put the unions to shame in their pursuit of cash and studio perks.

Ordinarily, it would seem that the proper solution would be to make the movie business more

Timothy Noah is a contributing editor of The Washington Monthly. *Reasearch assitance was provided by Jonathan Zasloff.*

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The proliferation of Hollywood unions complicates movie making because each local sets minimum staffing requirements and then all of the unnecessary employees have to be kept busy. For example, a production assistant may not move a stool three feet; he must ask a 'grip' to move it for him.

entrepreneurial. Just as America's mini-mills have proven more nimble than lumbering, oligopolistic companies like U.S. Steel, we'd expect a Hollywood dominated by small production companies to be less wasteful and more concerned about quality than a Hollywood dominated by a few big movie studios. Surprisingly, however, Hollywood is already very entrepreneurial. During the last 40 years, the oligopolistic old "studio system" has given way to the more frenzied and competitive world of independent producers. (Studios today are less manufacturers than service organizations that provide money to make films and operate the distribution networks that get them into theaters.) The actors, directors, and writers who work for these independent producers generally are no longer studio employees but free agents, who may sell their labor whenever or wherever they choose. It's useful to look at it this way: Hollywood is full of consultants and independent contractors.

The lesson Hollywood offers is actually the precise opposite of U.S. Steel's: even entrepreneurship has its excesses. And no place knows excess like Hollywood.

Col. Mustard has a grievance

What is most distinctive about Hollywood's unions is the sheer number of locals and, consequently, work rules. A visit to the set of *Clue*, a new movie being filmed on the Paramount lot, provided me with a useful lesson in taxonomy. Debra Hill, the film's producer, showed me around. The film, she explained, is based on the Parker Brothers game of the same name; the set was a three-dimensional version of the familiar board. In the lounge, a publicist (Local 818 of IATSE, the International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees) and a production designer (Local 847) chatted with a reporter from the New York *Daily News*. In the study, two stagehands, or "grips" (Local 80), sat in overstuffed armchairs, engaged in conversation. The director (Directors' Guild) sat at a table in the dining room peering into a looseleaf book; meanwhile, a real fire roared in the make-believe fireplace. The fire was tended by one of two firemen assigned to the picture (American Federation of Guards, Local Number 1): one lit the fires, the other stood by in case any of a less benign variety needed putting out. In the billiard room, two drivers (Local 399, Teamsters) shot pool.

By the time we entered the library to watch the cameraman (IATSE Local 659), sound man (695), script supervisor (871), prop man (44) and actors (Screen Actors' Guild) shoot a scene, the jurisdictions seemed as tangled as the cables that lay at my feet like spaghetti. Observing my confusion, Hill helpfully provided me with a call sheet listing all the personnel that had been required on the set one day several weeks earlier in the shooting schedule. I counted 22 unions.

The proliferation of unions complicates work arrangements in two ways. The first is that each local demands minimum staffing levels. For example, Local 659, the cameramen's union, tells producers that they must hire for each film a director of photography, a camera operator, a first assistant photographer and a still photographer. (The presence of the latter is required for taking publicity shots, even though the studios use much fewer of these than they used to.) In a pinch, all of these functions can be performed by one person. In non-union features, they often are. But if a producer is to honor the IATSE agreement—and he must if he shoots at a major studio—then he must hire all four.

The second problem is that once all these people are present on the set, they must not be per-

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mitted to seem superfluous. Thus it is a violation of the IATSE agreement to allow, say, a production assistant to move a stool three feet; he instead must ask a grip to move it for him. The IATSE agreement also defends turf lines among various locals. A grip, for example, may not move a lamp used to light the set; that job is performed by the "gaffer," the stagehand responsible for lighting. This past summer the producers negotiated an agreement to make these jurisdictional lines more flexible. As I write, the agreement has yet to be ratified by the locals, but it looks as though any easing of turf rules will be accompanied by stiffer minimum staffing requirements. In other words, the solution will likely be more people and less work for them to do.

Needless to say, this thick web of work rules drives up costs. So do various work rules that apply to all IATSE locals—for example, a provision that says all overseas air travel must be first class. Finally, there are the wage rates. These can be hard to estimate, owing to elaborate provisions for "overtime," "night premiums," and "golden time" (a special overtime rate for long workdays that can be up to five times the normal rate), but the average basic rate for blue-collar workers—without any extras—is $16 an hour. An assistant property master hired on a weekly basis starts out with a guarantee of $1,050. In other words, the *minimum* wage rate, even before you figure in bonuses, comes out to the yearly equivalent of more than $54,000.

If the unions seem greedy, the executives are much worse. According to *U.S. News and World Report*, Barry Diller, chief of Paramount Pictures, received $3.4 million last year in salary and bonuses, making him the highest-paid executive in America. David McClintick's *Indecent Exposure* drew much deserved praise for its vivid account of the corporate power struggle that resulted from the discovery that studio chief David Begelman embezzled from Columbia Pictures. But the more revealing story was not that Begelman broke the law but that he didn't have to. According to McClintick, during one board meeting, it came up that Begelman had stolen $35,000 to supplement the $22,000 Columbia had already given him to build a screening room in his home. One of the company's directors answered, "That's not very important. If he'd asked, we'd have allowed him the extra money."

Steven Bach, former senior vice president of United Artists, shows in his new book, *Final Cut*, that those on the creative side can be just as guilty of reaching into the till. The book is an account of the making of *Heaven's Gate*. Bach writes that Michael Cimino, the film's director, planned a battle scene to be shot in Montana. To prepare for the scene, he ordered the installation of an irrigation system so that he could grow grass on the field. Who, Bach wondered, would see grass in the midst of horses and wagons and smoke? This led Bach to wonder who owned the land. Sure enough, UA's lawyers found out that the owner was Cimino. Another site was quietly chosen. Sometime later Bach discovered that *Heaven's Gate*'s producer, Joann Carelli, had billed the film for "exactly ten times what the documents showed she had paid" for the rights to the film's musical score.

Recently, Universal Studios built a Disneylandish adobe headquarters for the phenomenally successful director and producer, Steven Spielberg, right on the lot. Inside, Spielberg works happily away on a variety of projects, many of them for competing studios. I couldn't get through to anybody who was willing to tell me what the building cost (though I was delighted to note that the phones played a Brandenburg Concerto when I was put on hold), but *Time* estimated it to be at least $4 million. According to *Time*, "Spielberg says he doesn't know, and will never ask, the price tag, and [Sid] Sheinberg [president of Universals's parent company, MCA] won't snitch. 'It would be like telling how much the birthday present cost,' he says."

Featherbedding exists within management ranks just as it does within labor. An example is what has happened to the title "producer." Primarily, it still means what it has always meant: the person who supervises production of the film. But in the age of the independent producer, that title often is also bestowed upon certain parties who need to be bought off before the cameras can roll. Frequently, for example, a key agent will receive the title "executive producer." In their book, *The Movie Business*, David Lees and Stan Berkowitz quote Jay Bernstein, the executive producer of *Sunburn*, on the responsibilities that earned him $50,000: "I didn't really have anything to do." He just happened to be Farrah Fawcett's manager.

The monopolist of Menlo Park

To understand how Hollywood came to this point, it is useful to review a little history. Our story begins with an inversion of what we all learned in school: Thomas Edison, heroic inventor of the light bulb, phonograph, and motion picture, was, in the development of the film industry, a villain. There is even a substantial body

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of scholarship that argues that Edison didn't invent the motion picture camera. By the time he turned his attention to moving pictures in the 1890s, the electric light and the phonograph were behind him, and the Wizard of Menlo Park had become an international celebrity. Inventors around the world sent him their ideas in hope of recognition. Among these was the hapless British inventor, William Friese-Greene. Hoping to get a job working in Edison's lab, Friese-Greene sent Edison news of his invention, which film historian Kevin Brownlow and others now contend was the first motion picture camera. Apparently Friese-Greene was under the impression he was protected by a forthcoming patent. He wasn't. Edison helped himself to Friese-Greene's ideas, and Friese-Greene died in obscurity.

Once it became clear that a new industry had been invented, Edison directed his efforts toward securing monopoly rights to all motion picture equipment. Edison's genius for asserting legal rights easily matched his genius for practical invention. When he was unable to claim a patent for motion picture film, he did the next best thing and claimed a patent for the sprocket holes. When that gambit failed, he put in a claim for the loop that turned the film in the camera. In 1908, Edison joined forces with his biggest rival, the Biograph Company, to found the Motion Picture Patents Company, or, as it came to be known, the Trust.

The Trust's failure to control the growth of the motion picture industry is one of American capitalism's most inspiring stories. "You know what I call a good invention?" Edison once boasted. "Something so practical even a little Polish Jew would buy it." But immigrant entrepreneurs, many of them, in fact, Jewish, were soon beating the Wizard at his own game. Motion picture companies fanned out across the United States to get away from thugs hired by the Trust; some even traveled as far as Cuba. The industry finally settled in Southern California, which had the dual advantages of sunshine and being as far from Edison as possible, to say nothing of its proximity to the Mexican border. By 1915, when the Supreme Court invoked the new Clayton Antitrust Act to dismantle the Trust, competition from these outlaw companies had already rendered it a dead letter, and the motion picture industry had been permanently chased out of New Jersey.

With the demise of the Trust, monopoly gave way to the oligopoly that came to be known as the studio system. A handful of movie studios were built in and around Hollywood. They were, in effect, factories, employing all the actors, directors, writers, and assorted blue-collar workers needed to make movies. To ensure that there would be a retail outlet for their product, the studios combined with many of the theater chains that were evolving in the teens and twenties. Sometimes a studio would buy the theaters: Famous Players-Lasky, for example, acquired the Publix theater chain and became Paramount. Or the theaters might set up a studio: the Loew's theater chain bought three small movie companies and merged them into Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. "Vertical integration" proceeded to the point that by 1945 the studios controlled 70 percent of the first-run theaters in the major cities—those cavernous downtown movie palaces that today have been converted into multiplexes or concert halls or even, in the case of one mosque-like structure in downtown Beverly Hills, an Israeli bank.

Under the studio system, everything was geared toward producing films at high volume. Since most movies were profitable, more of them meant greater profits. Furthermore, since the ingredients for making a major hit were (and remain) mysterious, there was a strong incentive to roll the dice as often as possible. In 1935, for example, Hollywood released 662 features, compared to 323 in 1984.

Ownership of theater chains meant that studios could turn out twice as many movies and be assured that the theaters would show them as double features, pairing "quality" pictures with cheaper, bottom-of-the-bill "B" movies. The B movies became the training ground for contract performers, directors, and writers; for example, *The Maltese Falcon*, the first film directed by John Huston, was a B picture. The B pictures were not under much pressure to provide an immediate payoff, since it was the A pictures that drew audiences in. But if you succeeded with a B picture, you graduated to the major leagues. It was an effective system for nurturing talent. After *The Maltese Falcon*, for example, Huston moved up to making A pictures.

Like any large organization, studios, of course, could be somewhat stifling. Compare novels of the 1930s to films of the same period, and it quickly becomes apparent how the movies fell short of depicting the richness of real life. The studio heads who made these movies were mostly unschooled immigrants—Louis B. Mayer, a scrap metal dealer-turned-theater owner; Adolph Zukor of Paramount, a former janitor; Samuel Goldwyn, a former glove salesman, and so on. They did not have finely developed tastes, and

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in some ways the movies suffered because of that. Still, they had a certain zest. Lillian Ross captured that odd mix of vulgarity and inspiration in a portrait of Mayer in her famous Hollywood book, *Picture*:

> "They make an Andy Hardy picture." He turned his powerful shoulders toward me. "Andy's mother is dying, and they make the picture showing Andy standing in the door. *Standing*. I told them, 'Don't you know that an American boy like that will get down on his hands and knees and *pray*?' They listened. They brought Mickey Rooney down on his hands and knees." Mayer leaped from his chair and crouched on the peach-colored carpet and showed how Andy Hardy had prayed. "The biggest thing in the picture!"

Into the service sector

Paradoxically, the studio system began breaking up at the height of its own good fortune. Owing to World War II, production had fallen off at the major studios. At the same time, attendance rose to its highest levels in history; as film historian Tino Balio has pointed out, dollars were more plentiful than things to buy, and movies were the most readily available entertainment. The gap between supply and demand sent profits soaring; Paramount's earnings, for example, rose from $10 million to $44 million between 1941 and 1946. Meanwhile, a wartime hike in the personal income tax—the top bracket became 90 percent—left high-paid studio executives looking for ways to shelter their income. One of the best ways was to have your own business. The roaring demand for movies, combined with the opportunity to reduce the tax bite, led to unprecedented numbers of studio executives leaving to start independent production companies. Most of the famous producers of the previous era had been salaried studio employees: Warner Brothers' Hal Wallis, Twentieth Century Fox's Darryl F. Zanuck, and, most famous of all, MGM's Irving Thalberg (prototype for Monroe Stahr, the hero of F. Scott Fitzgerald's *Last Tycoon*). The model for the new era was David O Selznick, who left MGM to become an independent producer.

The rise in independent production might have been just a passing fad if two much more powerful blows to the studio system hadn't followed soon after: the rise of television and several Supreme Court antitrust decisions that culminated in "the Paramount decrees," a series of consent decrees from Paramount and other studios that basically put the studios out of the exhibition business. Meanwhile, with the loss of the theater chains, the old double-feature arrangement could not continue. Now that theater owners were free to do as they liked they weren't about to rent B movies that couldn't compete with *Gunsmoke*.

With the drop in demand and the elimination of a guaranteed market, the studios' old factory arrangement came to an end. When contracts came up for renewal, they were allowed to expire. Actors, directors, producers, and even most of the blue-collar workers became freelancers, working not for studios but for individual films. The studios took on the aura of ghost towns; many sold off much of their land. Twentieth Century Fox's backlot, for example, became Century City, a large office and shopping complex. After a few turbulent years, the studios settled into a new role, that of banker to, and distributor for, movies that were largely the creation of outsiders, the in-

Explaining why he would not have made *Places in the Heart*, which turned a modest profit, one studio executive said, 'You're not going to get teeny boppers in the Valley going to *Places in the Heart*.'

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Henry Jaglom, an independent producer who makes high-quality, low-budget films, works with a 12-man non-union crew. 'If you're not greedy about the money,' he says, 'you can do it.'

dependent producers. Studio sound stages still bustled (though now more often to film TV shows than movies), but for all practical purposes the studios had departed the manufacturing sector and entered the service sector.

For the past 30 years or so, Hollywood has been dominated less by "companies" of any sort than by powerful entrepreneurs. (Universal's solicitude for Steven Spielberg illustrates this.) The result should have been a golden age of moviemaking—more movies, better movies, movies that succeeded (or failed) by taking bigger risks. Instead, there have been fewer movies, fewer good movies, and, particularly in the last few years, fewer movies that take chances.

Hi, concept

One movie that did take chances was *Heaven's Gate*, and perhaps its failure is part of the reason so few imaginative films have appeared lately. When it came out in 1980, *Heaven's Gate* quickly became a $44-million symbol of what was wrong with Hollywood. But instead of frightening Hollywood away from huge budgets, as it should have done, *Heaven's Gate* seems mostly to have frightened it away from artistically ambitious movies.

During my trip to Hollywood, I was particularly struck by the currency of the new catchphrase, "high concept." "High concept" movies are movies with simple, gimmicky stories that can be easily summarized in one sentence. Detroit cop goes to Beverly Hills and wrangles with whitebread police force (*Beverly Hills Cop*). Teenager travels back in time and gets to see what his parents were like when they were teens in the 1950s (*Back to the Future*). The "high concept" approach is favored by the seller—say, a producer trying to convince a studio to put up money for his movie—because it renders a proposal misunderstanding-proof. High concept proposals are by definition easily grasped by the studio executive on the run and, further down the road, by the movie audiences, who are often given only a week or two from a film's opening to determine whether it will stay in the theaters. The appeal of "high concept" to the buyer—the studio—is that it makes a project more execution-proof than, say, a hard to summarize but excellent movie like *Places in the Heart*, which is about small-town life in Texas, and about the Depression, and about race, and about farming...you see what I mean. "If you've got a great idea and mediocre execution," one studio executive explained to me, "you can still have a hit movie." When I asked him whether he would have wanted to make *Places in the Heart*, which turned a modest profit, he said he doubted it. "You're not going to get teeny boppers in the Valley going to *Places in the Heart*.

I thought I'd found a rebel against this mindset in Craig Zadan, a former writer for *New York* magazine who produced *Footloose*. I met with Zadan in his office at Tri-Star Pictures, where he has a deal, and listened to him go through a list of derivative movies released in the last few years that, he argued, showed that cynicism doesn't always pay off in the movie business. He'd known that these movies would fail, and they had. Zadan has a reputation for being a hot young producer, and as I listened to him I began to think perhaps it had something to do with the idealism he was showing. But then a thought occurred to me, which I uttered out loud: with 20/20 hindsight, wouldn't he have predicted that *Rambo*, sequel to *First Blood* and obviously derivative of the Chuck Norris Vietnam-vet-as-lonesome-warrior pictures, also would have failed? Instead, *Rambo* is an enormous hit (and, more to the point, was released by Tri-Star, though Zadan had nothing to do with it). Since Zadan had agreed to be critical if he was off the record, I expected him to offer at least a slight roll-of-the-eyes in acknowledgement that, yes, sometimes exploitation will pay off in a big way. Instead, in all apparent sincerity, Zadan said, "Oh, no. *Rambo* is a quality picture."

Even those on the creative side—actors, writers, directors—can succumb to a cynicism

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that chills the heart. A journalist friend who's dabbled in screenwriting told me that the process of selling out with a safe project before you can hope to make a film you care about has its own ritual phrase: "buying the pool." And once you've bought the pool, of course, you have to keep it filled.

Too much entrepreneurship

Clearly, entrepreneurship thrives in Hollywood. Yet Hollywood makes fewer movies than it used to, and fewer good ones. This becomes less puzzling when one considers that Hollywood might be that rare industry that suffers from an *overdose* of entrepreneurship. This creates a variety of problems. Above all is a culture of insecurity. Security, we all know, tends to breed laziness; when America's steel industry led the world, management ignored many crucial innovations, labor jacked up demands, and resourceful (and hungry) foreign competitors moved in for the kill. Security is still probably the chief disease of American industry and entrepreneurship the best cure. But in Hollywood, entrepreneurship has brought too much insecurity.

Why is Hollywood so insecure? The most important reason is that people do not work for companies. Even a very entrepreneurial industry like the computer business usually breaks down into identifiable organizations rather than individuals. Hollywood, however, is a place where nearly everybody works for himself or for a production company that is the invention of the moment. Instead of a job, one has a "deal" to work on a particular film.

This wouldn't be such a problem if most films turned a profit, as they did under the studio system. Unfortunately, now most do not. *Studios* make profits, and people receive more than adequate compensation in Hollywood. But individual films usually do not earn much back on the investment. Producers must wait their turn until both the exhibitors and the studio have taken their share. Theater owners keep about half what they take in. Next comes the studio's turn. That's only fair, of course, since the studio usually puts up the money and maintains the international network of distributors that gets films into the theaters. (In addition, studios must be reimbursed for the cost of making prints and all TV and print advertising—another hefty chunk.) After the studio gets its share, the producer must pay off investors, actors (who may have guarantees for a piece of the profits, or even the overall take), and everybody else involved in making a film.

This cumbersome process makes the movie business very much like oil wildcatting. The norm is the dry hole, but there are enough gushers to encourage people to keep trying. As in wildcatting, there's little comfortable middle ground between enormous financial success and dismal financial failure, and this breeds a certain desperation, reflected in the preponderance of derivative movies (many of the teen movies are knock-offs of the hugely successful *Porky's*), sequels, and "high concept" movies.

The lack of profit in moviemaking leads to a second reason for Hollywood's insecurity: a short-term orientation. While it's true that large corporations are too often obsessed with their quarterly profits, it's useful to remember that most small companies worry about the present state of the books far more. Hollywood is as short-term as you can get: once a film is done, everyone goes off to strike the next deal.

This focus on where the next deal is coming from not only reduces the inclination for taking an artistic risk—one flop and your phone may suddenly stop ringing—but also helps drive up costs. Everyone, from the star down to the grips, is inclined to take as much as he or she can get in any given deal. Sylvester Stallone asks for, and gets, $12 million for his next picture because *Rambo* has made him a valuable commodity these days. (That's $12 million *regardless* of the film's success, which makes the studio even more inclined to stick to a tried-and-true formula.) At the other end, the assistant property manager, who may suffer three months of unemployment after the picture is completed, has a strong interest in not only protecting his guaranteed weekly minimum but in hoping there's as much "golden time" on the project as possible.

With so much pressure to make a killing on any given movie, it's no wonder that long-term thinking is the rare exception. Producers who are inclined to nurture talent over a period of years, with little or no hope of an immediate pay-off, aren't common. A few highly successful filmmakers like Francis Ford Coppola and Spielberg have tried, but they can do only so much. One or two big flops can gobble up all the profits from a string of hits.

Another problem with Hollywood's dealmaking culture is that it's terribly inefficient. When an industry is overrun with many small companies, the advantage of keeping competitors on their toes can be outweighed by too much unproductive duplication of effort. In Hollywood, the dealmakers—primarily lawyers and agents—

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get an enormous share of the cut, and these "transaction costs" mean less money to put into making good movies. Another large share of money gets siphoned off for the accoutrements that Hollywood is so well known for—the $200 restaurant tabs, the Rolls Royces cruising down Rodeo Drive, the yachts that huddle port to starboard at Marina Del Rey (the largest marina in the world). Granted, such excess has always been a fact of life in Hollywood. But as deal-making becomes more important, so does making the "right impression."

A final problem created by Hollywood's heavy dose of entrepreneurship is the noticeable absence of loyalty to institutions. Big organizations tend to encourage traditions of loyalty and the long-term commitments that go with them. These can be stifling (and certainly the studios were), but they also can breed values that extend beyond the bottom line. In their own (albeit sometimes stodgy) way, the old studios showed some concern with quality in their willingness to film literary classics—movies like *David Copperfield* and *Pride and Prejudice*. Hollywood almost never makes movies like these today.

More broadly, the studio system bred some pride in excelling at certain kinds of films: Warner Brothers was the place that made film biographies and "social comment" films, MGM specialized in musicals, RKO-Radio made the elegant Astaire-Rogers dance pictures. Now that studios are no longer manufacturers, they no longer bother to cultivate a corporate image. In *Final Cut,* Steven Bach cites a survey that shows that in 1980 more than half the people in America had never heard of United Artists or, if they had, did not know that it made movies. Quick: Who made *Star Wars*? *Jaws*? *Beverly Hills Cop*? These were all hugely successful movies, but unless you're in the movie business you almost certainly don't know.

If you are in the movie business, you do know this: your competitor today may be your meal ticket tomorrow. Hollywood executives show a distinct proclivity for hopping from one corporate boardroom to the other. *Indecent Exposure* gives some flavor of this. After leaving Columbia in disgrace, David Begelman became head of MGM. After that studio financed several flops, he was fired. He then started earning more money as an independent producer. Alan Hirschfield, Columbia's chief executive officer and Begelman's main antagonist, left for Warner and then landed at Twentieth Century Fox. At least half a dozen Columbia personnel followed him there. (He's since left.) Meanwhile, Frank Price, an executive from Universal Studios, moved over to head Columbia's studio. Later he went back to run Universal. Aljean Harmetz recently observed in *California* magazine that in the past two years the chief executive officer of every major studio in Hollywood had resigned or been fired, save one. This helps explain a somewhat mystifying phenomenon that I experienced when I was in Hollywood—one that I don't think would have occurred if I'd gone, say, to Detroit to interview executives from the three major automakers. On the record or even off, it was maddeningly difficult to get a studio executive to utter even a mild criticism of the competition.

A piece of the action

How can Hollywood start to overcome the insecurity bred by its excessively entrepreneurial culture? The most fundamental change that's needed involves *why* people make movies in the first place. Are they motivated primarily by their desire to produce a work of art or by a compelling urge to keep the pool filled? Hollywood certainly has both types, but judging from the final product, it's clear that it's the pool-fillers who now most often get to make movies.

Short of this fundamental change in values, there are some practical steps that can be taken to help encourage a different kind of entrepreneurship in Hollywood, one that might coincide with idealism a bit more often. One model for this kind of entrepreneurship can be found in a rather surprising place.

"Russ is a living rebuke to every $22 million movie in history," says Roger Ebert, film critic for the *Chicago Sun-Times* and co-host of the television show, *Sneak Previews*. "Russ" is Russ Meyer, the soft-porn king who almost single-handedly created such films as *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls, Vixen, Supervixen*, and *Beneath the Valley of the Ultravixens.* He is also an entrepreneur in the timeworn tradition of the basement tinkerer.

If serious filmmakers made movies the way Meyer makes his smut, they could buy themselves considerable artistic independence. Meyer's secret is that he is obsessed with keeping costs down. Ebert, who has written the scripts for several Meyer films, is not the only one to have taken note of Meyer's efficient operation; *Forbes* has also written admiringly of him, and an entire chapter in Lees and Berkowitz's *Movie Business* is devoted to Meyer. With eight-man crews, remarkably low budgets (*Supervixens* cost

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$213,000 to make and brought him a personal profit of $4 million), and, perhaps most important of all, his own distribution network, Meyer is living proof that moviemaking can be reduced to something close to a one-man operation.

During my stay in California, Meyer was off in Europe scouting locations for his next film, *The Breast of Russ Meyer*. (Large-breasted women are sort of a Meyer trademark.) Instead, I spoke to Jim Ryan, an old Army buddy of Meyer's who looks after Meyer's business while he's gone. Ryan, a friendly, self-effacing sort who's served as executive producer and even an actor in some of Meyer's movies, explained the modus operandi. To begin with, Meyer does not hire union crews. This in itself is not extraordinary; neither do many other independent producers. But Meyer also routinely gives away a piece of the profits ("percentage points") to key crew members. On *Vixen*, for example, the sound man deferred about $5,000 in wages, taking only about $200 a week in "walking around money." In return, he got his $5,000 back within a little more than a year and eventually realized a $25,000 profit. Ryan, who has also worked as associate producer, assistant cameraman, and utility infielder, had a similar deal.

Meyer avoids the studio overhead problem by renting or owning his own equipment. On the distribution side, he continues to bypass the major studios and works through about ten longtime business cronies spread across the country who get his films into the theaters for him. Now and then he'll go fishing with one.

All but one of Meyer's films have made profits. You might argue that his good fortune has more to do with the nature of his films, which will always have a crude appeal in the marketplace, than with his belief in profit-sharing. But Meyer's stock in trade is arguably as much a hindrance as a help; many theaters refuse to show X-rated films, and those that do often tack on a charge for protection money for the local sheriff—according to Ryan, about $200 a week.

In my travels through Hollywood, I didn't find anybody else who ran as tight a ship as Meyer, but a few notches up the respectability scale I did find Henry Jaglom. Along with a number of other independent filmmakers (John Sayles is probably the most famous), Jaglom has attracted attention by bypassing major producers and studios and distributing films through small distribution companies. (Among the companies offering a small-scale alternative to the big studios are Cinecom, Island Alive, and Circle Films, a subsidiary of a local theater chain here in Washington, D.C.) After blundering into an assignment editing *Easy Rider*, Jaglom managed to swing a deal for his first feature, *A Safe Place*, which starred Orson Welles. It cost about $1 million and lost all of it. Jaglom then raised money from European distributors who had been enthusiastic about *A Safe Place* and made his second movie, *Tracks*. That cost $800,000 and eventually broke even. Each of Jaglom's movies after that successively cost less money and earned back more; his most recent movie, *Always*, was made for just under half a million. When I visited Jaglom's dilapidated office in Hollywood, he was exultant because he'd just sold the film for a million dollars.

Jaglom is on fire with enthusiasm for the movies. "If you're not greedy about the money but about the quality of the work, you can do it," he says. Jaglom worked with a 12-man non-union crew on *Always*, four of whom received a share of the profits; the people who appear in his movies (and have gotten fined by the Screen Actors' Guild for doing so) are often friends and relatives. After we spoke, I had a look at one of his more recent films, *Can She Bake A Cherry Pie?* There are moments when the sound is difficult to hear, or an improvised scene doesn't quite come off, but it has a nice, offbeat charm.

Bring back the studios

Jaglom's route allows him to make the movies he wants to make; he has far more freedom than his contemporaries outside the independent film movement, and more than his forebears in the studio system. But how many people have the kind of stamina it takes to remain creatively independent in Hollywood today? No doubt Jaglom wastes a great deal of time and energy hustling financial backers, time that he can't spend on making movies. To Jaglom, the independence is worth it. Sidney Lumet, the director, recently arrived at a different solution. Lumet signed a relatively uncommon exclusive, three-picture contract with a single production company, Lorimar. The reason? As Lumet explained to *The New York Times*, it came out of frustration with "deals where you work for months and months but no picture gets made."

Lumet's arrangement suggests another option for creative and talented people: why not revive the studio system? Obviously, such studios would have to operate on a smaller scale than in Louis B. Mayer's day. But they would fill a void that

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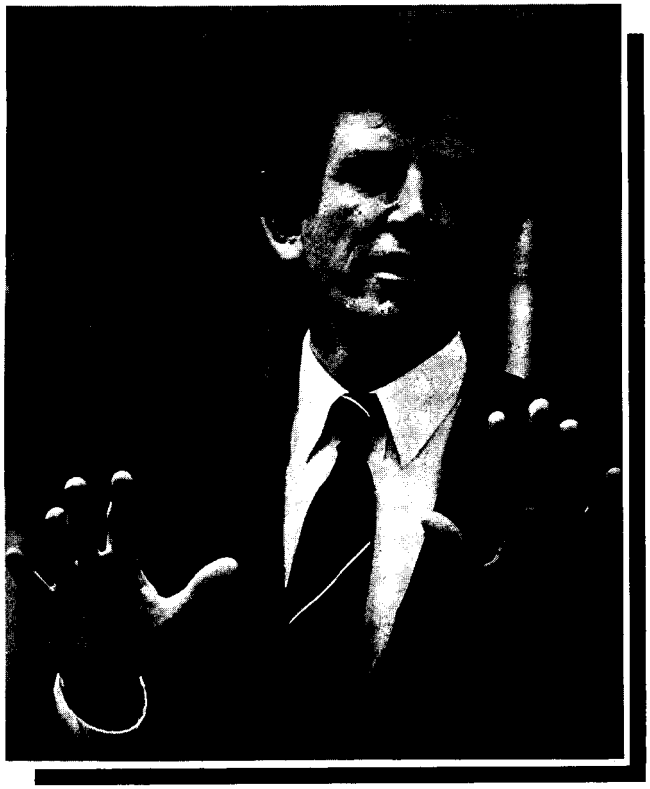

WHY

by Jack Germond, Jules Witcover,

The 1984 presidential campaign may not have been the most memorable one of recent years. It was remarkable, however, for the unexpected surge of support that almost gave Senator Gary Hart the Democratic nomination over Walter Mondale. Almost, but not quite; within the stretch of a few weeks, Hart went from being on the verge of sweeping the nomination to being hopelessly in second place.

How Gary Hart lost the Democratic nomination is not just an interesting story, but an instructive one for those who saw in his candidacy a glimmer of how Democrats might be able to recapture the White House. The following excerpts, which pick up the campaign days before the March 13 "Super Tuesday" primaries in Florida, Georgia, and Alabama, are taken from three of the recent books on the 1984 campaign. They are: Wake Me When It's Over *by Jack Germond and Jules Witcover (© 1985 By Jack Germond and Jules Witcover. Reprinted with permission from Macmillian Publishing Company);* The Quest for the Presidency *by Peter Goldman and Tony Fuller (© 1985 by Newsweek, Inc. Reprinted with permission from Bantam Books); and* Visions of America: How We Saw the 1984 Election *by William A. Henry III (© 1985. Reprinted with permission of The Atlantic Monthly Press).*

Missing beef. . .

[The Mondale camp determined that the best way to block Hart's surging campaign] was to deflate the whole idea of new ideas—and [campaign manager Bob] Beckel had some thoughts about that. He and his girlfriend, Mary Goehring, had been watching TV at his place and had caught a Wendy's commercial, a catchy spot with three elderly women inspecting a bready burger at a rival fast-food chain and demanding, "Where's the beef?" Ms. Goehring thought it would be great if the old ladies were yelling that at Gary Hart. A light bulb flashed over Beckel's head, and when he flew South to Georgia the next day to help prepare Mondale for yet another debate, he was feeling more bullish than ever.

The senior Mondale team was not. The [consensus] when Beckel found them gathered at the Hilton in Columbus, was that they might well be holding their last serious strategy meeting of the campaign. Mike Berman [another top Mondale aide] had brought along his memo on the logistics of Mondale's withdrawal from the race; it reposed in a briefcase at his feet, and Berman had steeled himself to show it to Mondale if [chief Mondale strategist Jim] Johnson said the word. It didn't look as if there would be many dissenters; Beckel thought he had never seen so much depression in a single room.

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GARY HART LOST

Peter Goldman, Tony Fuller, and William A. Henry III

"I've got the answer," Beckel said. "Where's the beef?"

Mondale's response was an uncomprehending silence. Neither he nor some of the others had seen the ad or knew what Beckel was talking about.

"There's these old ladies, you see," he said, "and they walk into this sterile place, you know, every fast-food joint U.S.A., and there's this bun, and suddenly she says, 'Where's the beef? Where's the beef?' " Beckel was pacing the floor furiously, acting all the parts. "Isn't it great? Isn't it terrific?"

Mondale and some of the others weren't getting it.

"Don't you see?" Beckel said, flushed with creation. "One of the old women finally gets the owner on the phone—you know, this big, fat, rich guy, S.S. Bun, got a couple of hussies with him, and she says, 'Where's the beef?' and he falls over backward and crashes."

They *still* weren't getting it.

"Don't you *see*?" Beckel said, by now pleading. "It's *Hart*. It's what we've been trying to say all week long. Son of a bitch, there's nothing on there—there's no *beef*. He says 'New ideas, new ideas, new ideas,' and what the fuck is a new idea, where's the *beef*?"

Some of them began warming to the idea, and Mondale spoke the slogan a few times, warily, as if he were trying on a purple suit. The performance, and the spark of hope it struck, lightened spirits in the room; the [memo] stayed in Berman's briefcase and went home with him to Washington, undelivered. But Beckel wasn't sure his brainstorm had caught on until he saw Mondale pull into the Hilton parking lot the next morning, coming back from church. Beckel was bound home for the capital that day, and his knuckles were already whitening at the prospect of the plane ride.

"I prayed for you today," Mondale called out teasingly. "You need it."

Beckel grinned and walked over to Mondale's car.

"Good luck tonight," he said. "Kick the shit out of them, and remember, you're the best there is."

Mondale thanked him, and Beckel started to go.

"One more thing," Mondale said. "Where's the beef?"

"You've got it!" Beckel said. He was a man of a thousand superstitions, one of which was that you never watch a client debate, but he didn't have to be there to sense that Mondale was going to win.

—*Goldman and Fuller*

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Hart won seven of nine contests on Super Tuesday. But the television networks viewed the results very differently—and demonstrated once again the extraordinary power they have to set the agenda and define the results in modern political campaigns.

. . . And a game try

That afternoon in Atlanta, when Hart was outlining his proposals for improving the economy, Mondale quickly found an opening.

"You know, when I hear your ideas," he said, looking directly at Hart, "I'm reminded of that ad, 'Where's the beef?'"

As laughter ran through the audience, Hart tried to respond and turn the argument back against Mondale. But his reply was flat, convoluted—and too serious for the moment.

"I think you'd hear. One of the differences, by the way, is if a president goes back into office—and one of us must, I think, to save this country—you cannot go back so committed to a handful of constituency groups that you cannot make this economy grow again. And that's the major difference, I think between myself and Walter Mondale."

It was a game try, but the Mondale thrust was sure-fire for the television news coverage of the debate.

[In general,] Hart's performance [in Atlanta] was clearly lacking—and one gaffe in particular made him a target for ridicule. The moderator, John Chancellor of NBC News, asked the hypothetical question: what would each candidate do if as president he were notified that a Czech airliner full of people was flying toward the North American Air Defense Command headquarters and ignoring warnings from U.S. fighter pilots? The pilots had reported that "the lights are on and it's full of people."

Hart had the misfortune to be the first in line but not the wit to see the folly of trying to answer.

"If the people they looked in and saw they had uniforms on, I'd shoot the aircraft down," he replied. "If they were civilians, I'd just let it keep going."

John Glenn, obviously itching for a chance to take a dig at Hart, leaped in. "Let me say first," he said, "there's such a fundamental lack of understanding by saying we're going to go up and peek in the window on this thing and see whether they have military uniforms on."

"That was Chancellor's," Hart protested. "He said you look in there and see people."

"You said you're going to peek in," Glenn insisted. "I've been in these airplanes, and you don't go up peeking in windows."

The other candidates were wise enough to recognize the trap. "I think that's a wonderful hypothetical, but it's ridiculous," Mondale scoffed.

This debate was, as it turned out, only the first of a series in which Hart had problems dealing with Mondale in that format. Although both men insisted all through the campaign and thereafter that they were uncomfortable with attack politics, Mondale found himself able to attack when the occasion demanded—and Gary Hart did not.

—Germond and Witcover

Super Tuesday con job

Whatever doubts may have been raised about Hart, they were not substantial enough to deny him an impressive victory when the votes were counted on Super Tuesday. At least, the results should have been seen as an impressive victory.

In Florida, the largest state holding a primary, Hart defeated Mondale with 39 percent of the vote to 36 percent. In Massachusetts, it was Hart 39 percent and Mondale 26. In Rhode Island, Hart won 45 percent to Mondale's 35. Hart also won the caucuses in Washington, Oklahoma and Nevada. And in Hawaii an uncommitted slate defeated the Mondale delegates in a result that was viewed there as either a standoff or a triumph for Hart, who had no delegate candidates of his own there.

Mondale won only two of the nine events. On the strength of heavy backing from black voters, he won Alabama with 34 percent to 21 each for Hart and Glenn and 19 for Jesse Jackson. In Georgia, Mondale squeaked by with 30 percent

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to 27 percent for Hart, 21 for Jackson, 18 for Glenn.

Two weeks earlier, Gary Hart had been naked in the South; now he had won the largest prize in Florida and come very close to taking Georgia from Mondale. But the television networks viewed the results very differently—and demonstrated once again the extraordinary power they have to set the agenda and define the results in modern political campaigns.

In this case, the Mondale operatives made a point of helping the process—selling hard the idea that winning two states in the South would be a bonanza for them. Privately, they were convinced they needed to win two of the southern primaries and the Oklahoma caucuses just to keep the campaign breathing. But in both their public pronouncements, and in the sotto voce "inside" dope they passed on to reporters, they depicted such an accomplishment as probably beyond their reach.

"We worked at it," Beckel said. "It was a conscious decision. We were trying to set up Hart and the press. We knew if we could come back in a couple of states, there would be an inclination in the press to keep the thing going, that they weren't going to hand it over to Hart."

The first hard evidence of success came at 10 p.m. when NBC News, which had elected to do its special coverage in prime time, came on the air with Tom Brokaw presiding.

"Walter Mondale, alive and well tonight," declared Brokaw, "in this race for the Democratic presidential nomination, thanking, as he put it, his friends in the South. And well he might, they have kept him in the race tonight."

The NBC anchorman then began recapitulating the results. NBC was "declaring" Mondale a winner in Georgia. Hart had won in Florida, Massachusetts, and, "as expected," in Rhode Island. Mondale had won a big victory in Alabama.

"So tonight," Brokaw summed up, "Gary Hart wins three states. Walter Mondale wins two—two of the big southern states that he had to to stay in this race."

Then it was back live to Mondale headquarters, and Lisa Myers, who announced:

"They are euphoric. You'd think they locked up the nomination."

A few minutes later came an interview of Hart by Roger Mudd. The interview was extraordinary in light of the fact that Hart had just won three of five primaries, including those in the two largest states at stake.

MUDD: Senator, not to take anything away from your victory this evening, but it appears your principal opponent, Walter Mondale, is on his way back. Is that correct?

HART: Well, I'm not quite sure. Back from where? He was the frontrunner in this race for a year and a half, and he, as you will remember, two weeks ago challenged me to come to the South and campaign, which I did, and campaigned all across this country. . .this campaign was the only one who was campaigning nationally. He was concentrating on the South, as was Senator Glenn. And so we combined a campaign in New England and the West with a campaign in the South, and I think we've won at least one state [in the South] and for practical purposes won another one [Georgia].

MUDD: Well, he was in danger, everyone thought, of really slipping through the ropes today, and he's not done that. Apparently, he's won in Georgia and Alabama. So you have not got rid of him. When are you going to try to get rid of him?

HART: Well, I don't—it's first of all not my task. I am going to continue to campaign. We won Massachusetts, we won Florida—the two largest states. There are three western caucus states still to be heard from. We may do very well out there. We stood off Vice President Mondale in the home state of the president he served with. And I think all of those represent major victories.

MUDD: But you didn't win in Georgia and you didn't win in Alabama. So all you won was Florida, which isn't a true southern state. So you're really not a national candidate yet, are you?

Then, after a couple of questions about future primaries, Mudd asked:

"A lot of people want to know, Senator, why do you imitate John Kennedy so much?"

That led to an even more bizarre exchange over whether Hart imitated John Kennedy and whether politicians were phony.

"And a final question," said Mudd. "Would you do your Teddy Kennedy imitation for me now?"

HART: No.

MUDD: I've heard it's hilarious.

HART: I don't think it is.

—*Germond and Witcover*

'The comeback of the year'

The next morning, Hart appeared on the *Today Show* and found Bob Beckel waiting to go on when he had finished.

"How are you Bob?" Hart asked with cool

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Mondale had been relentlessly telling voters that Hart was too unsteady to be trusted in the White House. Hart's having to retract his false accusation about 'negative' television advertising played directly into Mondale's hands.

civility.

"Real good," Beckel answered, grinning broadly. "Just real good."

Hart threw him a cold stare—a look, Beckel thought, that could have killed—and was shown into the studio. The Mondale camp was in fact astonished that the world had bought their party line that Hart had been stopped. They hoped it was true, and they saw encouraging signs in the exit polls from Florida that it might be, even though Mondale had lost there; the flow had been going his way at the end. But the degree to which the political community suspended its disbelief was quite beyond their dreams. Beckel sat smiling in satisfaction at a monitor in the green room as Hart went on and was asked straight off what had gone wrong in Georgia and Alabama.

After Hart had exited, Beckel got his turn on camera.

"Congratulations," the host, Bryant Gumbel, told him.

"Yup," Beckel said, beaming, "it's the comeback of the year."

—*Goldman and Fuller*

The ad that never was

Two days after Super Tuesday, as Hart campaigned in Illinois, Pudge Henkel [Hart's campaign manager] met at Hart headquarters in Washington with the campaign's outside advisers and senior staff members to consider, among other things, how to cope with Mondale's negative campaigning.

A special counsel to the campaign, Ken Guido, reported he had been told that an opposition radio ad was apparently being prepared in New York that transparently raised the matter of the candidate's earlier name change from Hartpence to Hart. Also, Keith Glaser, the state coordinator in Iowa who was now back in Washington, reported that word had come in from the field that the Mondale campaign had produced and was running a commercial that talked about Hart's name and age. One of the senior issue advisers at the meeting, John Holum, who had worked with Hart in the 1972 McGovern campaign, wrote down a few lines for Hart to use in response to the reported ad.

Around this time, Kathy Bushkin called in from Arkansas, where the Hart entourage had just arrived. Hart and his traveling aides were already concerned about the way negative campaigning had been dominating the dialogue, crowding out Hart's positive "new ideas" message. Hart decided to make a direct public appeal to Mondale to join him on a higher road of positive campaigning, and Bushkin was calling in to discuss the planned statement with David Landau, the chief campaign issues man. He informed her of the alleged ad, and then he read her the lines Holum had just written. Bushkin took them down and shortly afterward gave them to Hart as the campaign plane headed for Springfield, Illinois, where he had scheduled a press conference. On arrival, he issued [a] challenge to Mondale:

"I have spoken of new ideas for the future," Hart said, "and for some reason former Vice President Mondale wants to talk about my handwriting. I propose new ways to make this economy grow again and to create real social justice in the 1980s, and for some reason Vice President Mondale proposes to talk about what my birthday is. I've spoken about a new generation of leadership for this country and for some reason Vice President Mondale wants to talk about my family name."

Reporters traveling with Hart called the Mondale campaign. They were told no such ads existed. Mondale, for his part, recognized at once an opening to fan the "unsteadiness" issue against Hart. "I think there's a lot of evidence," he said, "that my opponent's getting unnerved."

The reporters went back to Hart and asked him about the "phantom" ads. Bushkin checked back with the headquarters, triggering a frantic search for the ads or any evidence of their existence. Henkel called Ray Strother, the Hart ad-maker, asking him to try to locate them. Strother called all the radio and television stations in the Chicago area, to no avail.

Bushkin, armed with several excuses Hart could use, went down to him with the bad news.

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75T019

Pictured above in a 1949 AP wirephoto of a Senate Subcommittee on Appropriations fact-finding tour are from left to right: Mrs. Ferguson and Sen. Homer Ferguson, Sen. Allen Ellender, Sen. Theodore F. Green, Earl Cooper of the State Dept. and Sen. William E. Jenner with their Dragomen guides at the Great Pyramid.

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Hart had campaigned against Mondale for currying favor with special interest groups. Yet in New York, he sought the Jewish vote by urging that the U.S. embassy be moved to Jerusalem.

He rejected all of them. "Settle down," he told her. "We made a mistake."

Hart went out and publicly apologized to Mondale before television cameras, saying he had been in error about the ads being used.

What actually happened was a tribute to the famous Washington rumor mill. Right after Super Tuesday, Bob Beckel had talked to an old friend from New York, Joe White, a specialist in negative political radio ads. According to White, Beckel said he thought the time had come to do some negative ads against Hart and asked him to come up with some ideas.

The next day, White said, he got a phone call from Charlie Scalera, an aide to Rep. Peter Rodino, who was a White client. "There's a rumor going all over Capitol Hill that you're doing negative ads against Gary Hart for Mondale," White said Scalera told him.

The report made White laugh because he had only begun to think of some ideas, and the Washington rumor mill had picked up on the ads even before he had gotten them out of his head.

—Germond and Witcover

The 'Fast Eddie' gambit

Five days before the Illinois primary, Caddell had an idea of how the election could still be swung decisively for Hart. A year earlier, Caddell had been involved in the bitter primary race for the Chicago Democratic mayoral nomination, handling polling and political advice for the eventual winner, Harold Washington. His candidate had won the primary over incumbent mayor Jane Byrne by maximizing black support and running hard against entrenched machine politics, represented and best symbolized by Byrnes's most influential backer, Cook County Democratic Chairman and leader of the Chicago City Council, Alderman Edward Vrdolyak.

Vrdolyak was the classic "Fast Eddie"—a political swifty right out of Central Casting, smooth and polished but with the street smarts clearly showing through. Washington, seeking to become Chicago's first black mayor, had run not only against Byrne but also against Vrdolyak, the hero of Chicago's white ethnics, intentionally polarizing the contest by race. With a second strong white candidate running, State's Attorney Richard M. Daley, the white vote split, and Washington squeezed through. Now Vrdolyak was supporting Mondale. Why not, Caddell reasoned, run against "Fast Eddie" again?

In Ray Strother, the Hart ad-maker, Caddell had an obvious and willing ally. Strother had worked for Daley, one of Vrdolyak's political archenemies, in the same campaign.

"We both came to the same conclusion," Strother later said, "that the association with Vrdolyak was deadly."

They agreed that the thing to do was prepare and run an ad for the Illinois primary putting "Fast Eddie" right on Mondale's back.

"I said," Caddell recalled later, " 'This is what we're going to do. We're going to hang Eddie Vrdolyak around Walter Mondale's neck. Very simple. Nothing cruel, nothing mean. There was no reason to anger Vrdolyak by attacking him. You don't have to say anything. You just put them together.' Gary said, 'That's good.' He signed off on that."

The next day, Hart told Chicago *Sun Times* reporter Robert Hillman in an interview aboard the campaign plane that he was not going to get involved in local Chicago politics in the course of the Illinois primary campaign. But Hillman, checking in with his office at the next stop, was informed by the *Sun Times*'s chief political writer, Basil Talbott, that a new Hart ad rapping Vrdolyak was being aired. Hillman, feeling he had been lied to, sought out Bushkin for clarification, but she was in the dark.

Back in Washington, Henkel was trying to find out whether Hart had seen the script and had approved it. But Hart was out campaigning and hence out of the pocket. Finally, at about four o'clock in the afternoon, Washington time, Henkel got Hart on the phone and read him the ad. " 'Pudge,' " Henkel recalled Hart saying, " 'I don't like it. I don't want to use a commercial that uses somebody else's name.' "

Hart, Henkel said, was the one who focused on the name Vrdolyak. "He was willing to go

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with the generic ad. [But] he did that reluctantly, because of the negative aspects of the commercial."

Henkel went on: "While I was talking to Gary, I wrote on the script, 'Make sure that this commerical is not running.' I handed the script to David Landau [another top Hart adviser]. I completed the conversation with Gary, and about 30 minutes after that, David Landau came in. 'Pudge,' he said, 'I've got bad news. That commercial is running. It's on the air.'"

Henkel, realizing how strongly Hart felt was—as he put it himself later—very "exercised," and he tried to reach Strother to find out what had happened, and to get the ad pulled. But Strother, too, was out of the pocket. He was flying from North Carolina to Arkansas, where he had another candidate-client. And besides, getting the ad off the air would be a major task under any circumstances at this hour. The managers of most of the stations involved had gone home for the weekend, with the weekend programming locked into computer-controlled systems. Unless something extraordinary was done, removing the ad would have to wait until Monday, and Henkel still had not even reached Strother.

To Landau, it had all been a cute Caddell ploy. "Caddell was to blame for the Vrdolyak ads," he said later. "No one else could have been responsible." He insisted that Hart had never approved their use as Caddell had said.

Whatever the case, Caddell had no reservations about the political wisdom of running the ads. "This spot hit the air," he said afterwards, "and 24 hours later, we were 12 or 13 points ahead. This thing just blew the suburbs of Chicago. All the undecideds we were having in our data, this thing just blew wide open. . . it was the first comeback on Mondale."

In other words, the Vrdolyak ads, for all the reservations about taking him on directly, according to Caddell, were virtually assuring a victory for Hart in Illinois, three short days before the balloting. All he had to do was hold on.

Mondale's polling confirmed the same sudden turnaround. "We were all scared to death," a Mondale aide recalled.

And then Hart made his second major mistake involving television advertising, imagined or real, in two days. After having apologized to Mondale for having charged him, without proof, of preparing to run unfair ads, Hart now said his own campaign had erred again in running the anti-Vrdolyak ads. They would be pulled off the air at once, he told reporters who were now hounding him about their use.

THE WASHINGTON MONTHLY

Journalism Award

for July 1985 is presented to

John Hoerr
Business Week

In what may prove to be a seminal report, Hoerr analyzes the decline of organized labor in the past 15 years and the emergence of an "employee rights" movement fostered by the new champions of workers: the courts and state legislatures. The trend has already brought such things as greater protection for employee whistleblowers, right-to-know laws requiring employers to identify hazardous substances, and prohibitions of forced retirement at a certain age. But there may be a dark side to these developments, as workers exchange the fraternal tradition of unionism for a model of unaffiliated individuals who rely on rigid legalistic protections. Hoerr's article provides considerable force for the argument in favor of new ways to socialize the workplace, such as worker ownership.

The Monthly Journalism Award is presented each month to the best newspaper, magazine, television, or radio story (or series of stories) on our political system. Nominations for any newspaper, magazine, or radio or television station in the country are welcome. The subject can be government in its federal, state, or municipal manifestation.

The award for stories published or aired in August will be announced in the November issue. Nominations will close September 15. Nominations should be accompanied by two copies of the story or stories.

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"The difference between me and Walter Mondale was that he was the candidate of the organization," Hart later explained. "It was the fact that [the ad] personalized Vrdolyak. I had no quarrel with Vrdolyak. We had gone to great lengths not to get involved in Chicago politics. I felt if I was the nominee I was going to have to go back in there. I needed everybody's help."

How Hart felt about Eddie Vrdolyak, however, was not the point now. The point was that Hart, or his campaign, for which he was ultimately responsible, had goofed again. As every hour passed and the ads continued to appear, even as he insisted he was trying to get them off the air, the incident was playing directly and dramatically into Mondale's hands. A candidate must be "surefooted," Mondale was saying now, and he didn't have to elaborate.

At about ten o'clock that night, as the situation festered in Illinois, Strother arrived at his hotel in Litttle Rock. The phone was ringing as he entered his room.

"It was Henkel," he reported later, "weeping on the telephone. He was actually crying. He said, 'Why have you done this?' I said, 'What have I done?' He said, 'Those ads went on the air without Gary's approval. Check with Pat Caddell.' He said, 'Gary wants those ads off the air.'"

Strother then began a frantic but largely futile effort to locate station managers in the middle of the night, get them out of bed, endure their irritated explanations about why the ads couldn't be killed, and try to go to the station to do so.

"At this point," Strother said, "the message became, 'Why can't Gary Hart pull the ads?' Just what I predicted would happen happened. Mondale said, 'How can a man run the country if he can't run his own campaign?' At that point, the campaign changed direction. It wasn't necessarily lost, but it lost all its steam built up in New Hampshire and Florida."

Because Hart wasn't able to get the ad off the air after saying he would, Caddell said, he suddenly plunged from being ahead of Mondale by 12 or 13 percentage points to falling 9 points behind. "I've never seen anything like this," Caddell lamented.

Mondale himself said later that "if Illinois had gone down it would have been very difficult to carry on." Illinois, he said, was the turning point for him.

—Germond and Witcover

Pander and equivocate

Hart had to win in New York. Not "had to" in the sense of some journalists' imposed expectations, but "had to" numerically. Mondale had pulled far ahead in the delegate count, and he seemed assured of continuing to draw a disproportionate share of the "superdelegates" chosen from among party hierarchs and elected officials. Hart's only chance was to beat Mondale often enough in primaries, in enough different kinds of states, to discredit him whatever his numerical advantage.

The discrediting would have to be accomplished through the press, and the emerging conventional wisdom of reporters rated New York as rocky, testing terrain for Hart. He had fared best in "open" primaries, in which independents could participate; New York's was "closed" to all but Democrats. He appealed in areas where incomes ranked above the national average and unemployment below it; New York combined extremes of suburban, mostly Republican, affluence and sprawling urban decay. Above all, Hart had fashioned his persona as a leader by stressing his lack of ties to encumbering special interests. In New York, where Democrats perhaps invented and surely perfected the technique of the balanced ticket, special interests made up the bulk of the party, and they all wanted to be sure they owned a piece of the nominee. Independence was mistrusted, not prized, in a candidate campaigning in New York. Indeed, in every contested presidential primary the state had held, it had preferred the Democratic candidate who paid the most attention to labor unions and the Jews.

Hart had burned his bridges with the unions. But he could, and did, decide to truckle to other constituencies, rather than play New York's politics his own way and assume that a reputation for consistency and integrity was a greater asset than any marginal gain in votes. His first major strategic decision was to endorse a plan, put forward by New York's senior U.S. senator, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, to move the American embassy in Israel from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem. Most foreign policy experts in both parties thought the idea was dangerous. It would inflame Arab countries, which regarded Jerusalem as occupied territory. It would further the image of the United States as a submissive endorser of anything Israel chose to do. And it would therefore weaken the Americans' effectiveness as peacemakers in the region, all for no practical gain. Jews, however, by and large loved Moynihan's idea, in part because it affirmed Israel's right to Jerusalem, the emotional center of the Hebrew faith, but even more for the very reason that others objected to it: the move would

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force the United States to cast its lot with Israel alone, more unequivocally than ever.

Hart had always been contemptuous of campaigners who in his view prostrated, even prostituted, themselves to win votes. He had also warned his aides that such moves often backfire. Yet he urged the embassy transfer, and when Mondale predictably characterized him as a latecomer to the isssue, Hart plunged into an unedifying, hairsplitting attempt to prove how long he had been a believer.

The outcome on election day, April 3, decisively ended the Gary Hart phenomenon: he might remain a candidate, but he was clearly no longer a wonder. Mondale drew almost 45 percent of the vote, to just over 27 percent for Hart and 25.5 percent for Jackson. Hart came close to finishing third.

—Henry

As any retelling of Gary Hart's candidacy reveals, much of what hurt him was trivial, or not even his fault. The staff mix-ups over derogatory television ads were relatively minor, and Hart conceded his error. In the weeks before and after "Super Tuesday," a strong undercurrent ran against Hart in the press coverage of his campaign. It made for a better story on the evening news—and promised a longer campaign—to interpret "Super Tuesday" as a comeback for "Fighting Fritz." That's the story most Americans saw.

Still, two of Hart's failures clearly were within his control, and they proved instrumental in dooming his candidacy. The first was illustrated by Mondale's famous retort during the Atlanta debate; the second was Hart's equivocation during the New York primary on moving the American embassy in Israel to Jerusalem.

"Where's the Beef?" sounded somewhat silly even in 1984, but it was a devastating one-liner for one reason: it rang so true. It was not that Hart lacked ideas, "new," good, or otherwise. His carefully constructed program for military reform had profoundly affected Democratic thinking on defense issues. Hart had also taken a not insubstantial chance in the middle of his campaign by publishing A New Democracy, *which many reporters never got around to reading. More so than the other candidates, Hart had attracted many loyal supporters precisely because of his genuine interest in the intellectual side of politics.*

Where Hart failed was in translating those ideas so they could be readily grasped by those who ultimately mattered most: the voters. They didn't need detailed position papers, but they did need more than such innocuous-sounding nostrums as "individual training accounts." Even more important, voters needed a sense that Hart's "new ideas" had an edge to them, that they were substantial enough to fight for. Hart's lack of courage in this regard was apparent in whom he chose not *to offend with new ideas. National service was not emphasized at all; it might rankle the young. Reforming entitlement programs would upset older voters. Tax reform might upset both labor and business.*

This lack of courage also lay behind Hart's second failing, one that was even more telling. Hart wanted to lead a "new generation" of Democrats who were profoundly disturbed by their party leaders catering to powerful special interest groups. But Hart had tried to have it both ways. Even before the primaries he had (vainly) sought the endorsement of the National Education Association by embracing their platform in full; likewise, he had assiduously courted women's groups and the AFL-CIO.

This is why Hart's flip-flop on the Jerusalem embassy question hurt so badly. It was a small, almost trivial issue, and that made it all the worse. Here was Hart, accusing Mondale of currying favor with powerful interest groups, not only selling himself in the same way, but doing it so cheaply. The subliminal message this conveyed was devastating. Voters had recently learned of a more disturbing side to Gary Hart—his mysterious age change, the uncertainty he had shown in handling the Vrodlyak ad. If he was also just a newer version of the old politics, why not settle for the real thing?

Voters did settle for Mondale in New York, by an 18-point margin. But what really mattered was not Hart's losing so much as whom *he lost. As Henry describes it, "Mondale did not have to depend on New York City voters—he ran barely even with Jesse Jackson there—because he beat Hart soundly in the suburbs, among independents, among the college-educated and affluent, and even, according to some polls, among voters under 40. Hart still ran stronger among those groups than with the rest of the population. But for them, too, he had fallen to second choice."*

Many primaries and caucuses followed New York, and Hart would catch a second wind, winning 7 of the last 11 contests, including California. But it was too little, too late; his moment had passed. In the end, his failure to be true to his own best instincts had defeated him more surely than anything Walter Mondale did.

—The editors

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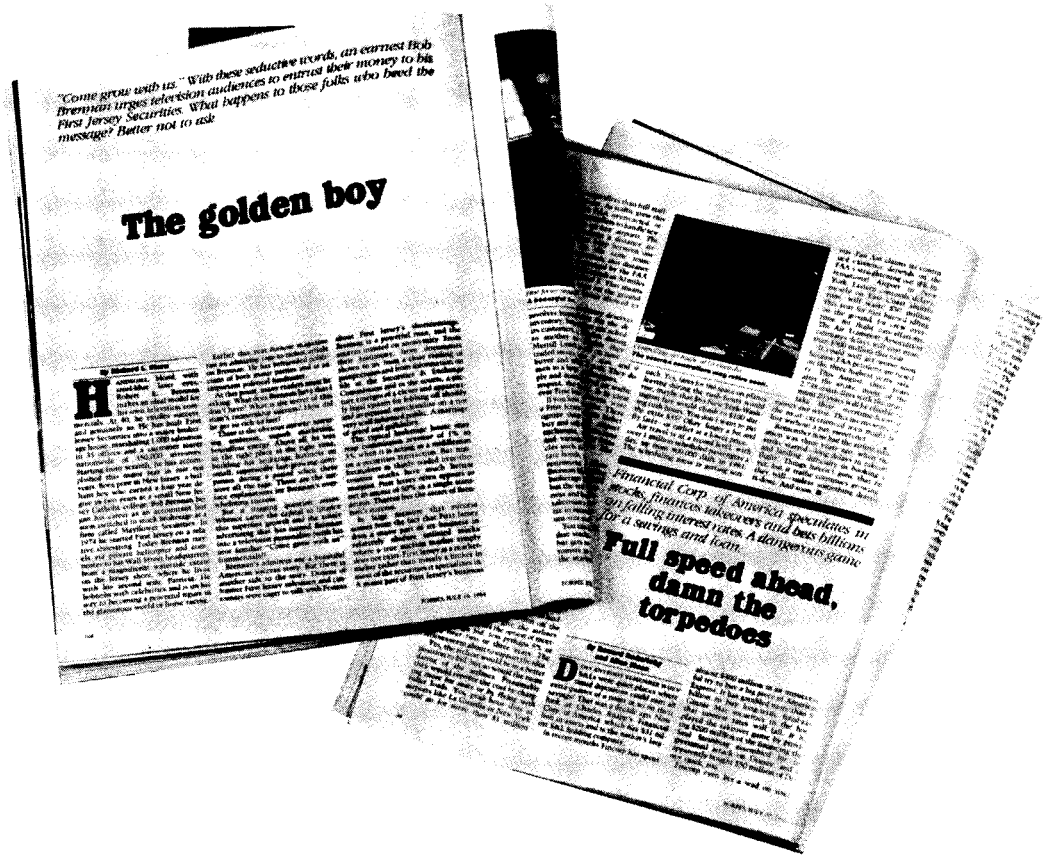
Forbes wins the Loeb Award for distinguished journalism.



Selected by the UCLA Graduate School of Management, the 1985 Loeb Award is yet another accolade for Forbes.

This award is one of the highest in the journalism profession. It was established to "recognize writers who make significant contributions to the understanding of business and finance." And its intention is to "encourage excellent writing on these subjects and to protect the private investor and the general public."

Besides the Loeb Award, Forbes has recently received other important honors. In April of this year, Forbes won the National Magazine Award for Design from the American Society of Magazine Editors. That award is meant "to honor a magazine for the contribution its design has made to its editorial objectives and for the overall excellence of its physical presentation." Forbes was cited for employing "wit, irreverence and imagination to jar its readers into fresh thought."

In January 1985, James Michaels was named Editor of the Year by Adweek, and in January 1984, Malcolm Forbes was chosen Publisher of the Year by the Magazine Publishers Association.

As the recipient of such prestigious awards, it's not surprising that Forbes has become what Adweek called "the hottest business book of the past five or six years." But you don't have to look at our laurels to know that. According to a 1984 study by independent researchers Market Facts, Inc., when corporate officers in 1,000 of America's largest companies were asked to name their favorite among the three leading business magazines, Forbes was selected by 49% more than Business Week and 132% more than Fortune.

No wonder, of all the 137 magazines measured by the Publishers Information Bureau, only two—both weeklies—carried more advertising pages in 1984 than biweekly Forbes. In fact, Forbes ran more ad pages than the weeklies Time, Newsweek, Sports Illustrated, U.S.News, TV Guide, The New Yorker (and, for the past 10 years, biweekly Fortune).

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TIDBITS AND OUTRAGES

PRAISE THE LORD AND PASS THE JUMP-WIRE

The reverend Glenn Miller of Roanoke, Virginia was recently sentenced to eight years in federal prison for stealing more than $200,000 in merchandise. Miller says that he stole the property—which included a Mercedes Benz, a motor home, and a piano—to help him battle the Devil and to spread the word of God.

◆

THE TESTIMONIALS WERE DELIVERED BY THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF E. F. HUTTON

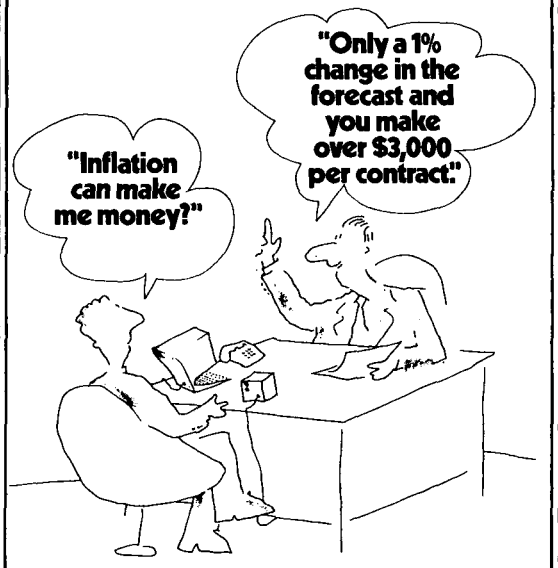
At a black-tie dinner last month, the American Prosecutors Research Institute gave its first annual "life achievement award." The recipient was Attorney General Edwin Meese III.

◆

IMMEDIATELY UPON SHULTZ'S RETURN TO WASHINGTON, THE COLOMBIAN AMBASSADOR DEMANDED A ROUND OF HIGH-LEVEL CONSULTATIONS

At a greeting ceremony during his recent visit to Fiji, Secretary of State George Shultz was given a coconut cup filled with yaqona, a local, mildly narcotic drink. According to the *Chicago Tribune*, when the American ambassador later indicated he was "working hard" to lift the Food and Drug Administration's ban on importing yaqona into the U.S., Shultz replied, "Well, why don't you try to get it done next month, say, or something like that?"

COMING SOON: DEPRESSION FUTURES



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THE PERFECT GIFT FOR THE MAN WHO ALREADY HAS COUNTERFEIT CALL WAITING

According to *USA Today*, The Sharper Image, a San Francisco Company, is now advertising a self-activated "False Alarm Beeper." The company says that the Beeper, which sells for $29 and has a flashing red light for added authenticity, is useful for "whisking you away from boring business meetings and other sticky situations," and is "equally impressive on first dates or closing arguments."

BAKER LATER EXPANDED ON THE ADMINISTRATION'S POSITION THAT COPPER BRACELETS CURE ARTHRITIS

Appearing recently at the National Governors' conference, James A. Baker, the Secretary of the Treasury, argued that the nation's $150 billion-a-year trade deficit could be viewed as a testimonial to U.S. economic growth and stability. The following exchange then took place, as reported in *The Washington Post*:

Governor John Sununu of New Hampshire: "You're telling us that the reason things are so bad is that they are so good, and they will get better as soon as they get worse?"

Baker: "You got it."

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THE RIGHT STUFF IN THE WRONG PLACE

by Edward C. Ingraham

Most of us know by now about Chuck Yeager: World War II ace, first man to break the sound barrier, star of TV commercials, subject of a critically acclaimed book by Tom Wolfe and a Hollywood movie, and, most recently, author of a best-selling autobiography. Yeager's autobiography understandably focuses on his days as a war hero and America's greatest test pilot. He devotes just seven of the book's 340 pages to another period in his career, after age had grounded him and before *The Right Stuff* immortalized him. That was when I knew him, and for one rather giddy period of two weeks, I even served as his ostensible boss. The place was Pakistan, and what I saw of Yeager left me no doubt that he was a brave and courageous pilot. I much admired the man. Unfortunately, men like Yeager are well suited to play certain roles, but not others. In my guise as political counselor at the U.S. embassy there, I learned that the role of diplomat suited him as little as the role of test pilot would have suited me. I can well understand why his autobiography skips so lightly over this time of his life.

In 1970, the Air Force faced the problem so often encountered with aging super-pilots who manage to stay alive—namely, how to extract the 47-year-old Yeager from the cockpits in which he had spent his adult life and put him behind a desk. It wasn't made easier by Yeager's obvious lack of enthusiasm or talent for paperwork, office routines, and the principles of modern management. Shopping around for a quiet corner to place a brigadier general who also didn't fit comfortably into the mainstream of the military bureaucracy, someone finally suggested that he be sent off to head our Military Assistance Advisory Group in Pakistan.

One might naturally think that a diplomatic assignment was about the worst place for a hell-bent-for-leather pilot. This assignment, however, wasn't as foolhardy as it looked. First, the job didn't involve diplomatic chores. We already had a whole diplomatic establishment—from ambassador to military attaches—in Pakistan. All the chief of the advisory group had to do was teach Pakistanis how to use American military equipment without killing themselves in the process. The job wasn't all that difficult because the Pakistani armed forces already were reasonably sophisticated. It was made still easier by the fact that, at the moment, they weren't getting any new American military equipment, having temporarily fallen out of our favor after attacking India in 1965.

In 1971, with his wife, Glennis, in tow, Yeager arrived in Pakistan's shiny new capital of Islamabad to head the group. Yeager's new command was a modest one: about four officers and a dozen enlisted men charged with the equally modest task of seeing that the residual trickle of American military aid was properly distributed to the Pakistanis. Not large enough for a separate existence, the group was part of the regular Amer-

Edward C. Ingraham, a retired foreign service officer, lives in Bethesda, Maryland.

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Yeager had the military man's awe of high civilian authority. But try as he might to be a good sport, he didn't seem happy with his lot. The ambassador's habit of referring to him publicly as 'my pilot' didn't help.

ican diplomatic establishment, along with the political officers (over whom I presided), and the people who issued visas, got Americans out of jail, and handed out photographs of a smiling President Nixon.

The U.S. ambassador to Pakistan was a political appointee named Joseph Farland, a captain of industry from West Virginia, who had become president of a large coal company through perspicacity, hard work, and marrying the owner's daughter. Farland had held several small ambassadorships in Latin America during the Eisenhower administration. By virtue of this diplomatic experience, enhanced perhaps (or so Farland told me) by a generous contribution to Nixon's campaign, he had obtained the appointment to Pakistan. The depth of Farland's political understanding can be deduced from his rejoinder to an uncomplimentary remark I once made about the late dictator of the Dominican Republic, Rafael Trujillo, one of Latin America's more notorious thugs, in whose capital Farland had once served as American ambassador. "Ed," he declared, "you don't understand. Trujillo was a fine man, an upstanding man. He was just misled by evil companions."

Farland was inordinately vain, "in love," as one of my political officers put it, "with his own right profile." His only piece of artwork that hadn't been supplied by the Government Printing Office was an immense oil portrait of himself—an allegorical study of Farland in a gray suit, clutching a ship's wheel, profile extended, the American flag behind him, looking rather like a corporate Columbus approaching the New World. He knew little about the Indian subcontinent and didn't really like the place or its people. He did, however, have two virtues. Conscious of his limitations, he left the running of the embassy largely in the hands of his deputy, a talented career officer with decades of experience on the Indian subcontinent. And Farland wasn't around much, spending most of his time on vacations and incessant "business trips" back to the United States.

During the time he was unavoidably in residence in Pakistan, Farland developed a weekly routine that separated him as much as possible from the lively, dirty nation beyond his doors. Every Friday—Thursday on occasion—he would be chauffeured to his summer residence in the cool heights of Murree, a mountain resort an hour from Islamabad. There, in a large, walled palace perched on a ridge at the edge of the Himalayas, he would relax until Monday with a small coterie of court jesters, companions, and ladies-in-waiting. They would play bridge and parlor games, crack off-color jokes, serve bloody marys, and even dress in funny clothes and women's hats, secure from the world outside the walls.

It was into this sad little court that America's greatest test pilot was inducted when he and Glennis arrived in Islamabad in 1971. Yeager relates in his autobiography that Farland, a fellow West Virginian, had personally selected him for the military advisor's slot. This puzzles me because, arriving a few months later, I found that Farland had only the vaguest idea of Yeager's history, didn't realize he had broken the sound barrier, and wasn't all that sure what the sound barrier was. In any event, Farland quickly enlisted Yeager to play two key roles: weekend courtier at Murree and aerial chauffeur.

One of the perks of Yeager's position was a twin-engined Beechcraft, a small airplane supplied by the Pentagon to help keep track of the occasional pieces of American military equipment that sporadically showed up in the country. Farland, however, had other designs on the plane. An ardent fisherman, he found the Beechcraft was the ideal vehicle for transporting him to Pakistan's more remote lakes and rivers. Yeager's mission was not only to fly Farland to the fishing grounds, but to take on such logistical details as prepositioning the fishing poles, bour-

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bon, and other essentials at the site. He performed these chores without complaint.

Yeager had the military man's awe of high civilian authority, and he treated the ambassador with the sort of deference that Farland relished but didn't get from the rest of us. But try as he might to be a good sport, Yeager didn't seem all that happy with his lot. Farland's habit of referring to him publicly as "my pilot" didn't help. I recall one weekend when Yeager brought up to Murree a movie projector and a Pentagon film showing how he had broken the sound barrier. I found it fascinating. The other courtiers made funny remarks, while, as I remember, Farland and his wife dozed.

Major Hoople meets Caliban

While Farland and his court cavorted at Murree, the country outside the palace walls began to crumble. Pakistan in 1971 encompassed both the present-day country and the more populous East Pakistan, now Bangladesh. The country's two wings were separated by a thousand miles of Indian territory and a massive cultural barrier. From its inception, Pakistan had been ruled by the politicians and soldiers of the West Wing, whose view of their Eastern compatriots was best expressed to me by a Pakistani general: "Our East Wing, you see, is a low-lying country inhabited by...heh, heh...low, lying people."

In early 1971, the Western rulers inexplicably permitted a free, nationwide election—the first in the country's history. The downtrodden masses of East Pakistan united behind a single candidate, swept the polls, and ended up in complete control of the nation's parliament. The dumbfounded Westerners promptly annulled the election, tossed the victorious Eastern leaders in jail, and shipped a good part of Pakistan's army to the East to ensure tranquility. The result was a campaign of brutal oppression, followed quickly by a civil war, the flight of ten million refugees into neighboring India, and, in due course, Indian intervention in support of the resistance.

Back in Islamabad, we at the embassy were increasingly preoccupied with the deepening crisis. Meetings became more frequent and more tense. The ambassador fulminated against our consulate in Dhaka, East Pakistan's capital, for reporting to the State Department the enormity of the slaughter. We argued over what we should recommend to Washington, and we were troubled by the complex questions that the conflict raised.

That is, most of us were troubled. No such doubts seemed to cross the mind of Chuck Yeager. I remember one occasion on which Farland asked Yeager for his assessment of how long the Pakistani forces in the East could withstand an all-out attack by India. "We could hold them off for maybe a month," he replied, "but beyond that we wouldn't have a chance without help from outside." It took the rest of us a moment to fathom what he was saying, not realizing at first that the "we" was West Pakistan, not the United States. After the meeting, I mumbled something to Yeager about perhaps being a little more even-handed in his comments. He gave me a withering glance. "Goddamn it, we're assigned to Pakistan," he said. "What's wrong with being loyal?!" Disloyally, I slunk away.

The dictator of Pakistan at the time, the one who had ordered the crackdown in the East, was a dim-witted general named Yahya Khan. Way over his head in events he couldn't begin to understand, Yahya took increasingly to brooding and drinking. Somehow he also took a fancy to Farland, who had met with him on several occasions to deliver suggestions and ukases from Washington. He would invite the reluctant ambassador over to his office to drink and brood with him. It would have been fun to hear their conversations: Major Hoople chatting with Caliban. The link proved less useful than we hoped, however, as it became clear that Yahya was more interested in having a drinking partner than an advisor.

In December of 1971, with Indian-supplied guerrillas applying more and more pressure on his beleaguered forces, Yahya decided on a last, hopeless gesture of defiance. He ordered what was left of his armed forces to attack India directly from the West. His air force roared across the border on the afternoon of December 3 to bomb Indian air bases, while his army crashed into India's defenses on the Western frontier.

Yahya's attack caught the embassy more than normally unprepared. As it happened, Farland's deputy, the career officer who had actually been running the embassy, was halfway around the world on a long-delayed vacation. Although he rushed back, it was several days before he could reach war-torn Islamabad. Meanwhile, Farland was quite uncomfortable, since he was now in actual, rather than nominal, control of the embassy. Faced with a host of urgent decisions, he sat frozen behind his desk, unable to decide on much of anything (which, in retrospect, turned out to be the best thing to do). Yeager, meanwhile, spent the first hours of the war stalking the embassy corridors like Henry V before Agincourt, snarling imprecations at the Indians and assur-

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After Yeager's Beechcraft was destroyed during an Indian air raid, he raged to his cowering colleagues that the Indian pilot had been specifically instructed by Indira Gandhi to blast his plane. 'It was,' he later wrote, 'the Indian way of giving Uncle Sam the finger.

ing anyone who would listen that the Pakistani army would be in New Delhi within a week.

It was the morning after the initial Pakistani strike that Yeager began to take the war with India personally. On the eve of their attack, the Pakistanis had been prudent enough to evacuate their planes from airfields close to the Indian border and move them back into the hinterlands. But no one thought to warn General Yeager. Thus, when an Indian fighter pilot swept low over Islamabad's airport in India's first retaliatory strike, he could see only two small planes on the ground. Dodging antiaircraft fire, he blasted both to smithereens with 20-millimeter cannon fire. One was Yeager's Beechcraft. The other was a plane used by United Nations forces to supply the patrols that monitored the ceasefire line in Kashmir.

I never found out how the United Nations reacted to the destruction of its plane, but Yeager's response was anything but dispassionate. He raged to his cowering colleagues at a staff meeting. His voice resounding through the embassy, he proclaimed that the Indian pilot not only knew exactly what he was doing but had been specifically instructed by Indira Gandhi to blast Yeager's plane. ("It was," he relates in his book, "the Indian way of giving Uncle Sam the finger.") At this meeting, I ventured the timid suggestion that, to an Indian pilot skimming the ground at 500 miles per hour under antiaircraft fire, precise identification of targets on an enemy airfield might take lower priority than simply hitting whatever was there and then getting the hell out. Restraining himself with difficulty, Yeager informed me that anyone dumb enough not to know a deliberate attack on the American flag when he saw one had no business wearing his country's uniform. Since I was a civilian wearing a gray sweater at the time, I didn't fully grasp his nuances, but the essential meaning was clear.

Our response to this Indian atrocity, as I recall, was a top priority cable to Washington that described the incident as a deliberate affront to the American nation and recommended immediate countermeasures. I don't think we ever got an answer.

The destruction of the Beechcraft was the last straw for Yeager. He vanished from his office, and, to the best of my knowledge, wasn't seen again in Islamabad until the war was over. It wasn't a long period; the Indians took only two weeks to trounce the Pakistanis. East Pakistan, known as Bangladesh, became an independent country, and Yahya resigned in disgrace. He was so drunk during his televised farewell speech that the camera focused not on him but on a small table radio across the room.

And where had Yeager been during these dramatic two weeks? The slim entries in his autobiography aren't much help. Yeager says that he "didn't get involved in the actual combat because that would have been too touchy." He then goes on to explain casually that he did "fly around" on such chores as picking up Indian pilots who had been shot down, interrogating them, and hauling them off to prison camps. There are clues, however, that suggest a more active role. A Pakistani businessman, son of a senior general, told me excitedly that Yeager had moved into the big air force base at Peshawar and was personally directing the grateful Pakistanis in deploying their fighter squadrons against the Indians. Another swore that he had seen Yeager emerge from a just-landed jet fighter at the Peshawar base. Yeager was uncharacteristically close-mouthed in succeeding weeks, but a sly grin would appear on his leathery face when we re-

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I once asked Yeager point-blank what he had been up to during the Indian-Pakistani war. 'I went fishing,' he growled.

hashed the war in staff meetings. I once asked him point-blank what he had been up to during the war. "I went fishing," he growled.

Human fighter jet

After the war, Yeager had even less to do in Pakistan since the tiny pre-war trickle of American arms had been shut off completely. He divided his time largely between the Pakistani air force, where he was a welcome compatriot in the mess halls, and the mountains of the far north, where he carried on a running war with the resident population of wild sheep.

Before Yeager left Pakistan in early 1973, I had one last memorable encounter with him. The career officer who had quietly run the embassy for Farland had become the embassy's acting chief upon Farland's departure shortly after the war. (Farland was reassigned to Iran, only to be unceremoniously removed after a few months to make way for Richard Helms, whose recently exposed activities as CIA director had made him somewhat of an embarrassment in Washington.) When the situation in Pakistan had sufficiently calmed, the deputy decided to resume his interrupted vacation. Some weeks later the next man on the totem pole decided to take *his* vacation. I suddenly found myself elevated to the position of mission chief *ad interim*, complete with a flag-flying limousine and the right to sign my name to all cables leaving the embassy. (A flood of cables quickly went out to our missions in every world capital I could think of.)

One morning, as I contemplated the world from my exalted position, the embassy's public relations officer frantically called. Had I seen that morning's news summary? The wire services were carrying a story from Islamabad quoting an unnamed American embassy official as making some dreadfully undiplomatic statements. I don't recall the exact words—something about Indian perfidy and the resumption of American military aid to Pakistan—but when I saw the piece it was all too obvious that the source could only have been Yeager.

As my colleagues quickly pointed out, I had no choice other than to call Yeager in and read him the riot act. With some reluctance, I asked my secretary to phone General Yeager and have him come to my office. I leaned back, wondering which approach to use with him: a stern fatherly lecture (I was a year older than he), a cold, level-voiced scolding, or a more-in-sorrow-than-anger admonition. I had tentatively decided to blend the latter two techniques when my secretary buzzed me, the door flew open, and in marched Yeager.

He had obviously seen the offending news report and knew exactly why he had been summoned. (I suspect the story was the product of some casual comments to newsmen that Yeager hadn't really intended to be repeated and that he was as surprised as anyone to see them in print.) In any event, Yeager had decided on an age-old strategy of his own—that the best defense is a good offense.

As I opened my mouth to suggest he sit down, Yeager began his first strafing run. Who-the-hell-was-I-to-call-him-in, and he didn't-have-to-take-any-crap-from-me, and what-he-told-the-press-was-none-of-my-goddamned-business. Before I could get a word out, he whipped around, rhetorical guns blazing, for his second pass. If-I-had-any-complaints-I-could-take-them-up-with-the-Defense-Department, and he-was-sick-of-mush-mouthed-diplomats-screwing-things-up. His target in flames, or at least breathless, he fired a few parting shots, spun on his heels, and marched smartly out. I had been able to get across a total of four, perhaps five, words before being blasted out of the sky. You win some, you lose some.

I saw Yeager a few other times before he left Pakistan. But that's the way I'll always remember him, straight as a ramrod, striding out of my office, rectitude intact—and with the Right Stuff. ■

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►*cont. from p. 21*
now exists in Hollywood: the lack of well-heeled institutions that view their purpose in larger terms than just making the next deal or trying to corner the market on next season's hits.

A revived studio system—one where studios were once again manufacturers—could do the old system one turn better by borrowing one of Russ Meyer's concepts: profit sharing. Today the assistant property master who earns a guaranteed $1,050 a week has no reason to take less, since he's not sure whether he'll even be working past the current picture. But give him the kind of job security that a studio can provide and throw in a real stake in the enterprise, and the destructive cycle could be broken. Likewise, many writers, directors, and others on the creative side would find a strong appeal in such an arrangement, since it would free them from the frenetic pursuit of the next deal.

This kind of approach to movie-making recognizes that many talented, creative people work best by being on their own but others thrive within a larger structure. It is these latter people—especially if they're trying to get a start in the movie business—who would benefit the most from a restructured studio system. Rather than serve their apprenticeship in TV or Off-Broadway, for example, they could work on modestly budgeted movies, much as B players once did.

A revived studio system would embody a value that Robert Reich has called "collective entrepreneurship." This is not a contradiction in terms; rather, it's a recognition that sometimes people are at their most creative, not when left alone in a drafty loft or in a cramped apartment hunched over a typewriter, but when working in close association with like-minded people who share their enthusiasm for the product. After all, even those who try to make good movies often fail, just as other creative people (say, inventors) do. That's why large corporations that recognize the importance of innovation and creativity encourage many of their best people to take chances that probably won't pan out. But when people, no matter how much they celebrate risk, know that a false step or two may be the only thing standing between them and failure, they tend to lower their sights. They settle for "high-concept" or a *Rambo III*.

"Collective entrepreneurship" has its counterpart for consumers. It is important to recognize that movies are ultimately more than just another commodity, that a good movie is different from a good automobile. Movies are special, in part, because they reach a mass audience; arguably, they are the highest form of art in America to reach the greatest number of people. The full potential of that arrangement may be reached only once in a while, as it was, for example, in Charlie Chaplin's films, in Frank Capra's populist movies of the thirties and forties, or, more recently, with the *Godfather* movies. But when the potential is realized, the broad national culture is measurably enriched. ■

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WHO'S WHO in the Administration

The hottest rumor in Washington is that **Michael Deaver** is out to destroy **Donald Regan** by leaking stories right and left to as many takers in the press as he can find. Deaver's apparent purpose is to cause a power shift in which—guess who—would return to the White House as top man. One of Deaver's many motives, it is said, is that his public relations business has not been doing well....

In this, if in no other cause, Deaver has enthusiastic allies, **Max Friedersdorf** and **Edward Rollins**, the departing White House aides, who are known to detest Regan....

The Regan aide who is said to be striving the hardest to acquire the power **Richard Darman** enjoyed under **James Baker** is staff secretary, **David Chew**....

Dennis Thomas, another ranking Regan assistant, reportedly was hired to deal with East Wing (read: Nancy Reagan) matters because Regan doesn't want to have to have any dealings whatsoever with **Jim Rosebush**, the First Lady's chief of staff....

The White House National Security Council staff and the diplomats of Foggy Bottom rarely let up in their struggle for preeminence in shaping foreign policy. An example: **Jack Matlock Jr.**, a senior director of the NSC and a special assistant to the president, has been spreading the word that he will coordinate the Reagan-Gorbachev summit conference in November. Meanwhile, at the State Department, **Robie Palmer**, deputy assistant secretary of state for European affairs, has been saying that *he* will be the summit coordinator....

Al Latham, a senior staff attorney with the National Labor Relations Board, is expected to replace **Linda Chavez** as staff director of the U.S. Civil Rights Commission. Chavez, now director of public liaison at the White House, transformed the Civil Rights Commission post into one of considerable power with her frequent public pronouncements and tight control of the panel's agenda....

After many months of waiting, Dr. **Frank E. Young** will take a step up from director of the Food and Drug Administration to head of the Public Health Service. The PHS job has been open for a year, and Young was the odds-on favorite from the start. The leading candidate to replace Young at the FDA is **Raymond Gosselin**, president of the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy and Allied Health Sciences.

In

WHITE HOUSE
Assistant Director for Management, the Office of Management and Budget—**Carole J. Kineen** has been an assistant secretary at the Treasury Department.

AGRICULTURE
Assistant Secretary for Marketing and Inspection Services—**Raymond D. Lett** has been assistant secretary-designate.

COMMERCE
Assistant Secretary for the Economic Development Administration—**Orson G. Swindle III** has been director of the Georgia Farmers Home Administration.

ENERGY
Assistant Secretary for Conservation and Renewable Energy—**Donna R. Fitzpatrick** has been acting assistant secretary.

LABOR
Assistant Secretary for Pension and Welfare Benefit Programs—**Dennis Miles Kass** has been managing director of Equitable Investment Management Corp.

STATE
Deputy Assistant Secretary for Central America—**William G. Walker** has been deputy chief of mission in Bolivia.
Ambassador to Honduras—**John Ferch** has been head of the U.S. interests section in Cuba.
Ambassador to Kenya— **Robert G. Houdek** has been deputy chief of mission in Kenya.

TREASURY
Assistant Secretary for Domestic Finance—**Charles O. Sethness** has been associate dean of the Harvard University Business School.

Out

WHITE HOUSE
Senior Director for International Economic Affairs, National Security Council—**Roger W. Robinson Jr.** will continue as a consultant to the NSC.

COMMERCE
Assistant Secretary for the Economic Development Administration—**J. Bonnie Newman** will become president of the Business and Industry Association of New Hampshire.

HEALTH AND HUMAN RESOURCES
Administrator, Health Care Financing Administration—**Carolyne K. Davis** has resigned.

TRANSPORTATION
Assistant Secretary for Budget and Programs—**Donald A. Derman** will become president of the Washington office of Canyon Analysts.

AGENCIES AND COMMISSIONS
Commissioner, Federal Communications Commission—**Henry M. Rivera** will join the Washington law firm of Dow, Lohnes & Albertson.
Commissioner, Federal Election Commission—**Frank R. Reiche** has resigned.

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THE NAVY'S PLANE STUPIDITY

by Scott Shuger

It was the fall of 1979, and I had recently joined a Navy E-2 squadron based at Naval Air Station Miramar just north of San Diego. My question came up in a squadron officers' meeting during which we were reviewing the Navy's basic instructions on flight safety—OPNAVINSTR 3710 in naval parlance. In response to my question, the safety officer explained what 3710 says about smoking in naval aircraft. Smoking is prohibited during fueling operations, during and immediately after take-off, immediately before and during landing, whenever gas fumes are detected, during all ground operations, in parts of any plane containing fuel tanks, in the cabin if a flammable cargo is aboard, during inspection of aircraft compartments that collect gas fumes, and whenever oxygen equipment is in use. Moreover, a squadron commanding officer can issue further directives governing smoking in aircraft and—this was the clincher—"smoking shall be discouraged among flight crews."

So with all these obstacles the Navy puts between its aviators and nicotine, it wasn't the price tag that caught my attention during the recent flap over the $600 ashtrays on the Navy's E-2, a carrier-based, radar surveillance airplane. Instead, I wondered why the Navy was buying the ashtrays in the first place.

Amused by my naivete, an experienced lieutenant commander set me straight. Just like extras on new automobiles, he explained, extras on Navy planes are quite profitable for the manufacturer. As long as smoking isn't flatly prohibited in an aircraft, the manufacturer, in this case Grumman, will try to include ashtrays. On most tactical aircraft, the use of oxygen equipment rules out smoking right away. But the E-2 has pressurized cabins and carries oxygen masks only as a backup. That means there conceivably could be a little time for smoking during a mission. And since the E-2 is designed for use on aircraft carriers, where the plane is shot off the deck by a steam-powered catapult, not just any ashtray off the shelf will do. Hence the need for custom-built ashtrays that meet rigorous military specifications—and cost $600 apiece.

Last spring, after the press discovered Grumman's ashtray bonanza, three senior officers at Miramar were removed from their jobs (although one was later reinstated). Grumman volunteered to cut its ashtray prices drastically. This helped dampen the controversy some. But given that every E-2 in the fleet since the mid-sixties has been equipped with four of these deluxe receptacles, this "solution" seemed typically cosmetic.

The ashtray isn't the only "Grumman extra" on which the Navy wastes money. The typical mission of an E-2 lasts about four to four and a half hours. During this time, the five-man crew is usually far too busy to worry about going to the bathroom; if someone has to urinate, he can

Scott Shuger, a former Navy air intelligence officer, lives in Ann Arbor, Michigan and is writing a book about the modern Navy.

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It's bad enough that the Navy is paying through the nose for irrelevant goodies. It's even worse that it may also be compromising the safety of its men and the readiness of its fighting force.

make use of the "relief tube." There is no in-flight toilet. This may seem somewhat short-sighted, but in all my carrier cruises and E-2 flights, I never once saw nor heard of an aviator who had to improvise an in-flight toilet to get on with the national defense.

The point, however, is not that the E-2 doesn't come equipped with a chemical toilet. In fact, every E-2 that arrives from Grumman's Long Island factory comes complete with a chemical toilet in the aft equipment compartment. But in every E-2 in which I flew, the toilets had been removed—by the Navy. Presumably the reason is space, but in any event, the Navy still pays for the toilets. How much is unclear, since Grumman says that it doesn't break out the cost of the E-2's toilet when it writes up the bill for the Pentagon. One can, however, be reasonably sure that custom-made toilets are somewhat more expensive than custom-made ashtrays.

There's at least one other non-essential ornament in the E-2—the radar oscilloscope. Designed to calibrate the radar, it's really a throwback to an earlier time in the plane's history. Only certain enlisted aviation flight maintenance technicians are trained to use the oscilloscope, and in recent years, the Navy has gradually dropped all but a few of them from flying status. So almost none of the officers in an E-2 today know how to use the damned thing.

That's no big loss, since a new diagnostic computer program gives information on just about every aspect of radar performance that the maintenance people would want to know. Yet there the oscilloscope sits on every flight, 200 pounds of blank screen. That's like having a crew member who sleeps through the whole war. Experienced fleet E-2 aviators have known for years that gadgets like the oscilloscope are practically worthless. But somehow the operators' opinions haven't yet filtered far enough up the line to convince the Navy to quit paying for them in new E-2s.

Aside from the money involved, there's another, often overlooked reason to be concerned about these and other "extras" on planes like the E-2. The E-2 started out more as a good idea than a carefully designed, ready-for-operations aircraft. "Let's put a radar system in a plane that flies at 20,000 feet," was the good idea, but it's taken about 25 years to make it work. During that time, the E-2's communications, avionics, radar, and navigation systems have been changed several times each, adding more weight to the plane. Meanwhile, the E-2's engine and fuselage—which have to handle all that weight—have changed very little.

The growing weight of the E-2 has been a safety concern inside the Navy for some time. When I was in the E-2 squadron, there was a near-epidemic number of cases where E-2 engines "bogged-down,'" losing precious power during take-off. The risk of a crash in these circumstances is high, especially if the plane is fully loaded with jet fuel, is hindered by hot, humid weather (which reduces "lift"), or is launched by a "soft" catapult shot.

Obviously the weight of four extra ashtrays isn't going to cause an E-2 to crash. A 200-pound oscilloscope, however, is a different story. And while the Navy has not officially attributed any E-2 crashes or near-crashes to excess weight, one can understand why. It's bad enough that the Navy is paying through the nose for these irrelevant goodies. It's even worse that it may also be compromising the safety of its own men and the readiness of its fighting force. ■

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THE 99% FALLACY

by David Evans

Will the Star Wars defense against Russian ballistic missiles work? Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger has announced the goal of deploying a "99 percent effective" system by the mid-1990s. But this laudable hope is unrealistic, for the simple reason that none of our existing complex military systems come anywhere close to this standard for reliability and lethality.

Consider a few examples, going up the scale from relatively simple to extremely high technology:

• None of the Army's existing inventory of anti-tank missiles is 99 percent effective. In various practice shoots, the TOW missile has hit its targets anywhere from 80 to 90 percent of the time—stationary targets, not tanks maneuvering at 20 miles per hour. And even these results were obtained only under benign, near-laboratory firing conditions.

• Not one of our fleets of high-performance tactical jets meets its stated "full mission-capable" goal, that is, the percentage of aircraft with all systems "full up" and ready to fly. After massive infusions of spare parts, and the careful ministerings of hundreds of flight technicians, our jets have higher "mission capable" rates than they did four years ago. But they still don't meet the Pentagon's reliablity goals, which are not nearly as demanding as 99 percent.

• Defending our Navy carrier battle groups is a much less challenging task than fending off waves of Soviet ballistic missiles. Yet we have never achieved a 99 percent effective defense for our patrolling ships. The Navy relies on a combination of three defensive "layers" — F-14 fighters, AEGIS missile cruisers, and close-in rapid-fire cannon—each of which is thought to provide an 80 percent effective shield against air or sea attack. On the drawing boards at the Pentagon, the Navy calculates that the carrier group defenses achieve an overall theoretical effectiveness of 99 percent. But in their honest moments, off the official record, many naval officers concede that their mathematical figuring does not translate into invincible ships. These officers have commented to me that in battle the individual defensive layers would be ineffective, especially if subjected to saturation attack.

Moreover, this is all military hardware with a "man in the loop," enjoying almost daily maintenance and frequent field exercises to validate its performance. We have a reverse situation with Star Wars, which would consist of highly complex, unmanned armed satellites, floating for years in outer space, with little or no maintenance. Yet we are expecting the space defense system to work perfectly the first time out—better than our antitank missiles, better than our pampered jet fighters, better than the

David Evans, a Marine Corps lieutenant colonel, is a trained nuclear weapons targeting officer and is currently the operations officer of the Third Marine Division. His personal opinions are not necessarily shared by the Department of Defense.

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To borrow a phrase from Thomas Edison, 'We don't know one-millionth of one percent' about the effects of lasers and particle beam weapons on ballistic missiles in flight.

multi-layered defenses of our carrier battle groups. Today's simpler systems, which supposedly reflect mature technology, don't work this well.

The Pentagon seems to have forgotten the time-honored axiom of military development: "Great advances rarely come from systems intended to produce great advances." Recall the high hopes placed in the strategic bombing campaign of World War II, the Star Wars of its day. General Ira Eaker's brief to the Joint Chiefs in April 1943 sold the program with its 1,000-foot circles drawn around 76 "precision targets" that represented key sections of German industry. Flying 100 bombers over each, he announced, would cause the "desired destruction." So many 1,000-foot circles, multiplied by 100 bombers, multiplied again by the number of raids per month and, *voila*: an 89 percent reduction in U-boat construction, 76 percent in ball bearings, 43 percent in fighter output. Not 40 or 50 percent, the supremely confident General Eaker predicted, *43 percent*, exactly!

And on what grounds were these precise judgments made? On 12 previous raids and some post-attack photographs.

Hundreds of massed bomber attacks were launched on the basis of this absurdly small and incomplete data base, a huge effort that consumed 40,000 lives and nearly half the dollars spent fighting World War II. The results are a familiar paradox of the war: in the face of the American air assault, German military production increased until the final few months of the fighting.

The same pattern of thinking prevails with regard to Star Wars. Reduced to a technical problem, war is amenable to an engineering solution. A target of 2,400 Russian submarine and silo-launched missiles, multiplied by a calculated number of orbiting battle stations leads ineluctably to a tidy measure of 99 percent effectiveness. Only now, the real-world data base is even smaller than General Eaker's. Under test conditions, not during simulated combat, the Army successfully intercepted and destroyed one Minuteman missile warhead last June. The Air Force, meanwhile, succeeded after an initial failure to bounce a laser beam off a small mirror attached to the NASA space shuttle.

These meager experiments do not vindicate the program. Almost all of the technical arguments in favor of Star Wars are based on computer studies, each loaded with unprovable assumptions, and a few low-powered laboratory devices. To borrow a phrase from Thomas Edison, "We don't know one-millionth of one percent" about the effects of lasers and particle beam weapons on ballistic missiles in flight.

The Star Wars effort is quite unlike the A-bomb Manhattan Project with which it is often compared. That single-minded effort focused on the development of one weapon, not a family of weapons. The A-bomb could and was tested before use. A ballistic missile defense can never be tested in any meaningful way. If the A-bomb exploded with only half the predicted force, it nevertheless would have been a great success. If the defensive layers of Star Wars are 50 percent effective, the consequences are potentially disastrous—scores of Soviet warheads would get through.

Despite all this, assume, for argument's sake, that a 99 percent effective defense is achieved. The Soviets today have about 7,500 nuclear warheads mounted atop 1,400 land-based and 1,000 submarine-based missiles. By 1990 they will possess about 12,500 warheads. If just *one* percent get through, that amounts to 125 hydrogen bombs penetrating the defense. Even if many miss their targets by miles, and some fail to explode, there would be an unimaginable level of destruction and tens of millions of casualties.

After spending anywhere from $100 billion to more than $1 trillion to research, develop, and deploy a Star Wars defensive system, we will not have moved one inch away from the vise-like dilemma of mutual assured destruction.

It is necessary to recognize there is no technical solution to this depressing reality. The constructive path out of the shadow of nuclear confrontation is marked by mutually advantageous political agreements—verifiable treaties that limit deployment and testing. If such agreements are reached, both sides may be willing to acknowledge that continuing reductions in force would increase trust and, ultimately, security. ■

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MEMO OF THE MONTH

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

January 24, 1985

Memo For DIRECTORS
EDITORIAL STAFF

Please ensure that the following terms are not part of the AIG-AUD written word:

"Selected aspects"

"Were not always"

"Questionable"

"Excess Profits"

"Windfall Profits"

Thank you.

Suzanne

Suzanne

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VICTIMS.

by Louella Thiriot

Frannie watched listlessly while her father killed the bunnies. It was hot, and the heat held her like a glove. The featureless flat concrete of the air base stretched forever. There was no grass or trees. In the enlisted personnel zone where they lived, even the backyards of the houses were concrete. Before Frannie's mother disappeared she had complained about the concrete, but nothing was ever done. So she bought the bunnies and put them in a cage decorated with photographs of grass. To bring life to this lifeless place of destruction and death, she had said. Everybody laughed.

That was all the little girl could remember of her mother, a loving, peaceful woman who cooked french fries every night and always made extra to pack with sandwiches. Now, on the anniversary of the disappearance, Frannie's father was taking the bunnies out one by one and killing them. He was using a device stolen from the survival kit of an FB111. Smooth and gleaming, the device had been developed by a secret agency, far more secret than the CIA, so that pilots could kill bunnies for food after dropping the nuclear bomb, when they returned to a country that didn't exist anymore. Each time her father put a bunny into the device, he had to adjust dozens of dials and shield his eyes. These dials were finely made in a huge factory in North Carolina, although all identifying marks had been carefully filed off. The device made no sound. It had been designed that way at great expense. Frannie felt no emotion as she watched.

The next day men with guns came to arrest her father for stealing the device. It was the last Frannie would see of him, although years later she got a postcard showing a beach somewhere. The beach looked hot and flat. Nothing could live on it. Fish came there to die and men and women, to get skin cancer. Anyway, it hardly mattered, since the postcard was not from him.

When the men pounded on the door, Frannie's father refused to come out. He hid Frannie in a clothing hamper and she heard his voice, electric with rage even though he felt nothing. The rage flowed into him from some other place, some place of horror. People said Frannie's father had been a kind man who always donated money to the Jerry Lewis telethon. But the war changed him. He refused to talk about the war, even to say which war it had been.

Once, watching a game show on their cheap television in the dreary barracks, he had suddenly grabbed Frannie and shouted, "You don't know! You weren't on the mission!" Soldiers were marching by outside but none of them seemed to hear.

Just as quickly, the fury released him. Returning his attention to the game show, her father seemed to forget his own existence. He was able to predict whether the blond, the brunette, or the redhead would light up throughout the entire half-hour. Officers began to crowd around, placing bets on whether the next prediction would be correct. They made jokes about enlisted men like her father, cruel jokes, the sort of jokes that have echoed in the ears of the working class for cen-

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Louella Thiriot is an assistant professor of creative writing at the University of the Southwest in New Mexico, where she won the Roger and Gloria Stanhardy Citation for her doctoral thesis, "Deconstruction of Free Verse." She has won the Hugo Emmanuel Lancaster Prize for fiction, the Carson Award for autobiographical research, and several grants from the National Endowment for the Humanities. This is her first published work. Both it and the foregoing information were furnished by one of our contributing editors, in whose veracity in this regard alone we have no faith whatsoever.

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turies, but her father was too stupid to get them. One of the officers touched Frannie's thigh and told her the world would end someday.

After breaking down the door the MPs were so anxious to take Frannie's father to a windowless unlabeled building where they could subject him to their legalized tortures and indignities that they forgot all about her. For days Frannie remained in the hamper. She cried out but no one seemed to hear. She thought of the dead bunnies, so soft. One of them used to sit on their featureless concrete living room floor and roll his ears from side to side. Frannie thought he was sensing the presence of alien beings. Now the link was gone.

Finally noises came from outside the hamper. Someone was moving in. The tiny cramped house had been assigned to a young sergeant and his childless wife who had been rendered mute by a freak accident on her confirmation day. No one knew exactly what had happened, or even if anything had happened, because she refused to talk about it. Yet still they were both loyal to the church. Discovering Frannie, they raised her as their own child. Many years later she would come across a scrapbook full of newspaper clippings about a hostage situation at Sedgewick Air Force Base and how the little girl had never been found. That's right, Frannie thought. I have never been found.

Frannie's new mother prayed and crossed herself constantly. At least they thought she prayed. No one could tell for sure. Nevertheless, one day she was hit by a train. News of the accident was suppressed, because the train was loaded with cannisters of biological weapons that scientists did not know how to control. The widowed sergeant felt he was to blame and decided Frannie would be better off in the county foster home. He took her there on a day when there was no breeze. Attendants in dirty smocks were hanging around the halls smoking dope, but a social worker told Frannie not to pay attention. On his way back from the home the sergeant was gunned down by FBI agents who mistook him for a wanted terrorist. A commission investigated the killing, but no conclusion was ever reached. According to news reports, internal memos of the commission were inadvertently destroyed. But the reports were never confirmed.

Frannie liked the attendants. They gave her dope in return for sex. Often she went to bed with several a day. Some of the attendants were black and she loved their blackness. One, so black he didn't seem white at all, would bring her jumbo bags of McDonald's french fries that they would eat the next morning. Eventually, though, Frannie lost interest in sex. It was pointless.

There was never any question of college. Frannie got a job in Spend More working the cash register. Sometimes the assistant manager let her rotate stock. That made her happy, the change of pace. People came in to buy things, many people, and often just as they were reaching for their receipts they seemed about to say something. But they never did.

One day Frannie got off the slow-moving crowded filthy dignity-crushing public transit system bus, which alienated working people were forced to use because they couldn't afford cars, only to discover that the Spend More was locked up. A few of her co-workers were sitting on the steps. Somebody said a huge distant corporation that owned Spend More had decided to close the whole chain in order to get tax benefits. They argued about what exactly the corporation was called. Then from nowhere a limousine followed by several television vans pulled up. Out jumped the mayor, flanked by aides who were all dressed alike and by business executives with expensive tans. The camera crews began shooting and the mayor announced that the Spend More would soon be torn down and converted by the Mega Management subsidiary of Multi/Uni-Omni Corp. into the nation's most technologically advanced toxic waste processing site. Then the mayor shook hands with Frannie and her friends and thanked them for "their show of support." A reporter asked Frannie what she thought and she said she didn't know. The cars sped away. Frannie and the others hung around for a while, drinking beer and throwing rocks.

Frannie decided to marry a man she'd met in the Throwaway Products section of the Spend More when she was rotating cartons of paper towels. He was 63 and missing the left side of his nose. Not many of her friends came, because the ceremony was held at 11 a.m. and that was too early for them. The union went fairly well. His hearing was poor so Frannie's music did not bother him. His children from previous marriages had grown up and had children of their own, which was occasionally awkward, since Frannie was only 14. Holidays were the worst. In time Frannie grew to like her suburban home, a home just like the one next door on a street just like the next street over in a suburb whose exact location even the residents couldn't be sure of.

Then one day two women drove up in a 1971 Ford pickup truck and announced they would be staying indefinitely. They were the husband's ex-wives and had lived together in Albuquerque

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since meeting by chance at his lawyer's office. One was three-quarters Iroquois and the other was a lesbian.

The lesbian woman was nice to Frannie and they often took long walks together, though they never touched. Once, Frannie asked what it was like to be a lesbian. The woman just looked off into the distance and began to hum "Oh Shenandoah." Frannie thought it was a sign. For the next few months she slept with dozens of women, often several at the same time. One of her lovers was a professional model who was the girlfriend of a local alleged reputed mafia boss who would later be slain execution-style while kneeling in church. Frannie found this woman very glamorous and wanted to become a mobster so that she could have a glamorous girlfriend too. But then Frannie lost interest in being a lesbian. It was pointless.

At the video rental store Frannie met a handsome young man with a southern accent. He wore a jean jacket and carried a guitar in his 1980 Datsun pickup truck. He wanted to make love to Frannie, but she said that would be pointless. So instead they drove around together for hours not speaking. Often he seemed just about to pick up the guitar and sing a lyrical song full of purpose. But he never did. Instead he parked the truck near a cliff and threatened to jump off unless Frannie did to him something he had once seen a woman do to a man in a certain type of movie.

Frannie told him jumping would prove nothing. So he decided not to. Later on he admitted that the particular act probably wouldn't have been as good as it seemed in the movie anyway. But Frannie felt a moment in her life had been lost and could never return. On the way back to the store the voltage regulator on the Datsun burned out. A tow truck came and the mechanic said many breakdowns were caused by constant though imperceptible strain.

The years passed, meaninglessly. Frannie and her husband had less and less to talk about. After one extended silence she realized he was dead. Propped in his Laz-E-Boy recliner purchased on a time payment plan at the Honecker's on 28th street near the expressway, staring off at something Frannie couldn't quite see. A time payment plan, Frannie thought. He was always on a time payment plan and didn't even know it. She sat through the night with the television on watching his form bathed in the gray flickering reflection from a cable station which showed "Mannix" reruns 24 hours a day.

The following morning Frannie called an ambulance. Paramedics spent two hours attempting to revive her husband, even though his body was at room temperature. "Modern science can work miracles!" one paramedic said unquestioningly as he attached complex electrical devices. Later the insurance company received a bill for $89,000, but a sharp-eyed claims auditor got it reduced to $170.55. Frannie was thrilled by such mental rigor. She felt herself changing. Perhaps she could get a job as an auditor, embark on a real career with responsibility and dignity. Frannie sent for a brochure on opportunities in insurance claim auditing and spent hours studying the paragraphs intently. She was determined to apply for an interview first thing the very next morning. But then she forgot all about it.

Instead Frannie got a job cleaning washrooms at a Burger More. Everyone there dressed alike, looked alike, talked alike, and thought alike. On Saturday afternoons Frannie was forced to dress up as the Burger Bandit and walk around giving packets of tartar sauce to screaming children. She was not paid extra even though the costume was very hot.

It turned out the two former wives had tricked her dead husband into signing a statement that he was an alien being from another plane of existence who could communicate directly with small animals. This statement was used as evidence that he had been insane at the time of his marriage to Frannie, voiding the will. The lawyers said there was nothing they could do because the statement had been notarized.

Much, much, much later Frannie would learn that the two former wives had faked the statement by brutally murdering a notary public and stealing his seal. Then they became serial murderers, brutally murdering notaries all over the country, using butcher knives, baseball bats, railroad spikes, hedge trimmers, mixmasters, and a portable electric band saw purchased on a Visa card at the Honecker's. It was the Visa card that brought to an end this horrible commentary on the condition of mankind. State troopers tipped off by Honecker's caught the women at a road block. Acting on orders, they pumped thousands of rounds of ammunition into the car, after pausing to put on mirrored sunglasses. Frannie wondered just how different an official murder was from a criminal one. Maybe life wasn't even a dream, just the illusion of a dream.

One day Frannie's father came into the Burger More for a Double More, a Phake Shake, and fries. But Frannie was sanitizing toilets at the time and didn't see him. That night after closing she and some of her co-workers hung around in the parking lot, drinking beers and throwing rocks. ■

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Is Anybody Out There Watching?

Charlie Wick's latest flop

by Mark Schapiro

We should have been heroes. U.S. soldiers had just splashed ashore the sunny isle of Grenada and routed the cabal of local communists and visiting Cuban construction workers. But when Charles Wick, director of the United States Information Agency, visited Western Europe during the 1983 invasion, he encountered almost unanimous condemnation from America's allies and the European press. According to one of his USIA subordinates, "Wick came back and said, 'God, they're killing us over there! Maggie Thatcher is saying the U.S. should never have gone into Grenada. What can be done?'"

Following instincts finely honed during decades as a Hollywood agent and producer, Wick moved quickly. If the critics are taking you to the cleaners, why not make an end run and get your message to the audience directly? There was no time, however, for a full-fledged production number—cobalt blue waves lapping up against pearl white sands, Frank Sinatra in sunglasses and a flower print shirt, a "Let Grenada be Grenada" theme song. So Wick settled for rounding up Jeane Kirkpatrick, then U.S. ambassador to the United Nations, two Caribbean prime ministers, and a pair of State Department officials for an unprecedented intercontinental video press conference, simultaneously beamed to five European capitals.

Mark Schapiro is a writer living in Washington D.C., and an associate of the Center for Investigative Reporting.

In the eyes of White House and USIA officials, Wick's gambit worked; the European reaction quickly faded. Wick sensed that he was onto something. Soon, administration officials were appearing twice a month on a new intercontinental interview service. But why stop there? By the fall of 1984, Wick was seeking advice from top figures in the field of international telecommunications, including Rupert Murdoch, the Australian press magnate. An American diplomat familiar with the situation says Murdoch played a critical role in familiarizing Wick with the possibilities of new satellite technology. It was after meeting Murdoch, says the diplomat, that "Wick saw the potential for thinking big."

The result was WorldNet, a $15 million-a-year, satellite-aided television network designed to bolster international support for American policy. In launching the project this spring, Wick warned that the Soviet Union was out-spending the United States in international propaganda by a margin of three to one, and was already sending TV broadcasts to Western Europe. WorldNet would help close the Broadcast Gap and counter Soviet disinformation aimed at our allies. "In the confrontation between our free world society and our totalitarian adversaries," said Wick, "WorldNet is a highly cost-efficient alternative to military hardware."

As initially conceived, WorldNet would beam an hour and a half's worth of news and feature

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No European network is carrying WorldNet's daily programming. As Hans Friederichs, a West German journalist, explains, 'You have to see it this way: no self-respecting American network would take something like that from another government.'

reports to European networks—all at no charge to the customers. (Plans also were set in motion to supplement the flagship English language production with shows in Spanish, French, and Portugese.) And from USIA's Washington headquarters came the marching order to the troops in the field: employees in Western Europe's embassies would serve as WorldNet field agents, convincing Europe's television networks to begin pulling the programming directly from the satellite.

There's just one small problem with WorldNet: almost no one is watching it. Since the first broadcast in April, only a handful of small cable stations in northern Europe has agreed to run WorldNet. No major European network, commercial or state-supported, has accepted the USIA's invitation to run any daily WorldNet programming. Some Europeans haven't exactly minced words about it, either. "Not a second of that will appear on my show if I have any say," says Hans Friederichs, who will soon be the news anchorman for West Germany's most-watched television station. "You have to see it this way: no self-respecting American network would take something like that from another government." Friederichs also echoes a widespread sense of surprise—if not shock—among European journalists that Washington would imitate Moscow's ham-handed techniques in trying to shape the truth for its allies.

I first caught up with WorldNet this summer during a visit to the American embassy in Paris. Embassy personnel had set up 30 or so chairs in a sober, wood-paneled room illuminated by a single chandelier. At precisely two o'clock, a bank of television monitors lit up with animated color pictures: a violin, a microscope, a baseball mitt, a cowboy hat, the U.S. Capitol. "Star Trek"-like theme music played in the background. An upbeat male voice announced, "Live from Washington, D.C., this is 'America Today.' "

The camera then cut to a man and woman anchor team, framed by oblong relief maps of the world. A half-hour news segment opened the show. It consisted of briskly paced news stories, many of which had played on the American network news the evening before, though in different form: the Supreme Court's decision against prayer in the schools, reports of Soviet air attacks in Afghanistan, U.S.-Japanese trade talks, and a glowing portrait of the new Grenadan prime minister's meeting with George Shultz.

"America Today" is remarkable only in its quick American pacing and effervescent tone; the banter between the two co-anchors is reminiscent of a morning talk show. In addition to "America Today," an average week of WorldNet also includes a rotating series of mini-documentaries such as "Journey through the Solar System," which chronicles American space exploration. "American Images" presents the lives of average Americans in different occupations (a devotee of CBS News would expect Charles Kuralt to pop up at any moment). There is even a daily five-minute English language lesson. ("Many Americans eat dinner at a buffet: b-u-f-f-e-t.") The "interactive" interviews with American officials that launched the whole venture run twice a week. U.S. diplomats in each embassy are expected to arrange for Euopean journalists to attend these latter sessions.

During several visits to the U.S. embassy in Paris, my sole company in the audience consisted of two bored-looking foreign service officers. That translated into not a single French viewer, since the only place in France receiving the program was the embassy itself. The same scene was repeated during several other visits to American missions in Geneva and Bonn.

Universal acclaim

WorldNet is only one example of Wick's impact on the USIA. A friend since their Hollywood days, President Reagan has consistently

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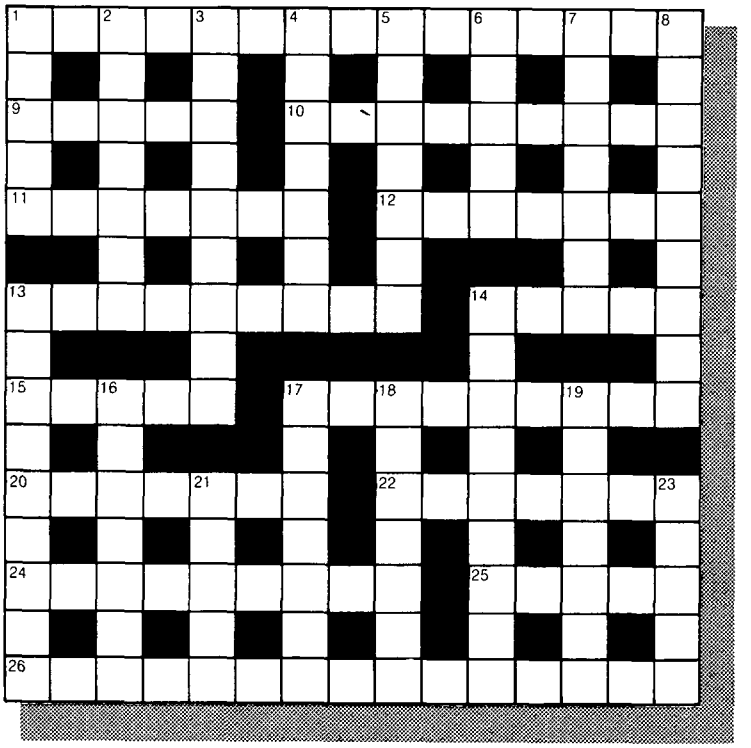
POLITICAL PUZZLE

by John Barclay

The numbers indicate the number of letters and words, e.g., (2, 3) means a two-letter word followed by a three-letter word. Groups of letters, e.g., USA, are treated as one word.



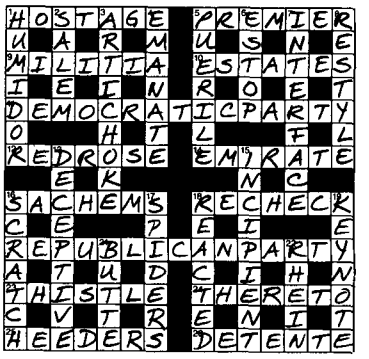
ACROSS

1. Ultraconservative's article on root privilege. (3, 7, 5)
9. Glass which becomes proper around September 1. (5)
10. Drunk lumps are ungenerous people. (9)
11. Fixer arranges tenure before end of October. (7)
12. Evacuator puts little ruler in front of several rows. (7)
13. Difficult newspaper describes depression. (4, 5)
14. It's O.K.! Scram! (5)
15. Beneath two foreign articles. (5)
17. Gang twins make vibrations. (9)
20. Leavens mixture to capture. (7)
22. Douse it carefully in the yard. (7)
24. Brings up after driving rain but is behind. (2, 7)
25. Guide to ghost house? (5)
26. Revolutionary did not change generous extension. (4, 4, 7)

DOWN

1. Old light source around Petra. (5)
2. Sex rite set up for one who barely makes it. (7)
3. Martin's ex weaves a carpet. (9)
4. Found merit in the meantime. (7)
5. I am in Horatio's exotic foreign city. (7)
6. Make a new point about O'Neill. (5)
7. Movie classification to keep everybody out? (7)
8. Trial fees suffer two setbacks about rising art. (4, 5)
13. Legislative proposal for utility charge? (5, 4)
14. Underweight tulip planting is incandescent? (5, 4)
16. Crazy fist fad embraces all females. (7)
17. Carelessly name hit for the ocean. (3, 4)
18. This country in oral translation for awakening. (7)
19. Not a trace discovered therein. (7)
21. War or anarchy ammunition. (5)
23. Former movie star either way. (5)

Answers to last month's puzzle:



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A producer explains WorldNet's message: America 'is the best society, the people are the happiest, they dress better, they have more fun, their music is good. It's the Pepsi generation!'

supported Wick's plans for expanding USIA; the result has been a remarkable 75 percent budget increase since 1981, rivaling the percentage increase for the Pentagon. As Wick boasted earlier this year in an interview with *Parade* magazine, "I don't know anything about foreign affairs, and I don't know anything about journalism, but I do know how to make things happen."

He certainly seems to have demonstrated all three attributes in launching WorldNet. With strong White House backing, Wick's budget request for fiscal year 1986, including $15 million for WorldNet, sailed through the Office of Management and Budget. Wick didn't get everything he wanted from Congress; the International Operations subcommittee in the House refused to approve a domestic version of WorldNet. But if anyone in Congress had any serious qualms about the goals or feasibility of WorldNet itself, they didn't voice them then.

The first sign of trouble came when the European Broadcasting Union, a clearinghouse for international news film and reporting, turned down a two-week trial tape before WorldNet even had begun official operations this spring. The Union has since carried only a few WorldNet products, such as footage from the space shuttle, when there has been no other source for the film. But aside from occasionally drawing on WorldNet as a library of film clips, foreign networks have shunned the service. "It's never difficult to establish the American viewpoint on something; we can do that through our Washington bureau," says Jim Akhurst, foreign editor for Britain's commercial Independent Television Network.

There are about 240 West European correspondents based in the United States, according to the the USIA. In addition to the Broadcasting Union's Euro-vision Exchange, most European television stations have their own exchange agreements with one or more of the four major American networks. Among these U.S. journalists and their editors and desk chiefs in Europe, there is little affection for WorldNet. Courtenay Tordoff, deputy foreign editor for BBC-TV in London, says the British television network "is not involved in a propaganda war for or against the Soviet Union. We are not putting out propoganda for anybody. . . . No one cares what the USIA thinks." Sven Kuntze, foreign news correspondent for ARD-TV in Bonn, observes: "We have the feeling that this news service is a way to kick our correspondents out of the business."

Allowing for a touch of hyperbole, Kuntz is not that far off about the USIA's motivation. John Walsh of the USIA's Office of European Affairs insists that the agency doesn't "want to suggest that the European correspondents are doing a bad job." But Walsh concedes that "WorldNet has the potential for presenting a U.S. viewpoint without the filter of the [foreign] correspondents here. . . . If we can get a message out directly, we want to do that."

So what exactly is the message? Well, things are a little unclear on this score. Working through the USIA's policy guidance office, the State Department informs the producers of "America Today" of the administration's "line of the day" on such issues as import quotas, support for rebel forces in Nicaragua, or Star Wars. The policy guidance staff can veto stories or ask that they be delayed until a particular administration spokesman is interviewed. But beyond these directives, the purpose of WorldNet gets fuzzy. Alvin Snyder, head of the USIA's television and film service, says that his goal is to illustrate that America "is the best society, people are the happiest, they dress better, they have more fun, their music is good. It's the Pepsi Generation!" Tim White, co-host of "America Today," concedes, "We're not sure yet who the audience is. . . . We hope to put it out there and wait for an audience to come to us." White is lucky that his job security doesn't depend on the ratings. ■

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POLITICAL BOOKNOTES

The News at Any Cost: How Journalists Compromise Their Ethics to Shape the News. Tom Goldstein. *Simon & Schuster, $18.95.* This book has been advertised as a sensational, insider's expose of media sleaze, but when you tear off the wrapping paper what you find is a journalism school ethics textbook. Buried deep within that, in turn, are memoirs of Goldstein's service as a reporter at *The New York Times* and as press secretary to Mayor Edward Koch of New York, which contain a couple of good morsels. Goldstein says Koch is so cozy with Rupert Murdoch ("Rupert is more important to me than anyone else," he quotes Koch as saying) that he often calls the editorial page editor of Murdoch's *New York Post* and dictates the editorials about himself, which run verbatim. The *Times*'s soft spot is for Irving Kaufman, a federal judge who always rules for the press and is rewarded with adoring coverage which never mentions that he presided at the Rosenberg trial.

The discourse on journalistic ethics isn't nearly as interesting. Goldstein has done some sporadic first-hand research—visited a few newsrooms, distributed a questionnaire to editors, and run with a Super Bowl press corps—but for the most part he worked from clips. In fact, it's as if he punched the words "media ethics" into a Nexis machine and summarized the entire product. Not much is missing here, although if you're a journalist and not a journalism student, you may not want to read summaries of the cases of Janet Cooke, Laura Foreman, "Hymietown," the Chicago *Sun Times*'s Mirage Bar, *The New Yorker* fact-checking flap, "Ear" 's Jimmy Carter bugging error, the CBS Vietnam documentary, ambush interviews, etc. Goldstein summarizes these familiar stories with impeccable clarity and evenhandedness, and then sometimes delivers a prim verdict, such as "he. . .abused journalistic license," or "many of the practices and strategies taken for granted by journalists raise troubling questions."

For lawyers and doctors, the massive edifice of required professional school, limited entry into the field, and high pay and prestige was built on a foundation of concern about quackery. As journalism becomes more influential and more like a public utility because of government regulation of broadcasters and the decline of competition among newspapers, the temptation to turn it into a profession can only grow. Goldstein knows not to go whole hog with this because of the first amendment problems inherent in government licensing of journalists, but the professional mind-set tempts him. His prose radiates approval when he reports, for instance, that CBS produced a 60-page internal report that found that ten of its "own standards" had been violated in its Vietnam documentary. Conversely, when journalists try to expand the horizons of their craft, he's instinctively suspicious.

The most egregious example is his treatment of New Journalism, which he calls "a new label. . .to an old technique: intermingling fact with fiction." It's typical for journalistic ethicists to dismiss New Journalism in this prejudiced, don't-bother-me-with-the-details way. But it's grossly unfair—bad reporting, to use a phrase that would get Goldstein's attention. Truman Capote, whom Goldstein cites as a "leading practitioner," did not mingle fact with fiction in *In Cold Blood*, an extraordinarily careful book; neither did Tom Wolfe ever create composite characters, except in an obviously rhetorical way. The people who did unforgiveably mingle fact with fiction and thus discredited the genre, such as Gail Sheehy in her pre-psychobabble days, never make the list of New Journalists.

It's not just that Goldstein is being unfair to Capote, Wolfe, et al., it's that there's something automatic about his hostility to exploration of the true potential of journalism. It's very important for journalists to report faithfully on the doings of high government officials, but that isn't what journalists should do all the time, even though it does create a feeling of high competence. Journalism has the power to explain why things are happening, to take public affairs out of the realm of boredom through the use of characterization and narrative, to show how character interacts with institutional imperatives in government—all this, and much more, and without ever resorting to mingling fact with fiction. One disadvantage of professionalization is that it usually brings with it a tropism toward the bland and the safe—why put your carefully built position of self-respect at risk? The pressure on journalism to turn that way, too, is going to be relentless. I hope some of the high priests of the trade start pressing in the other direction.

—*Nicholas Lemann*

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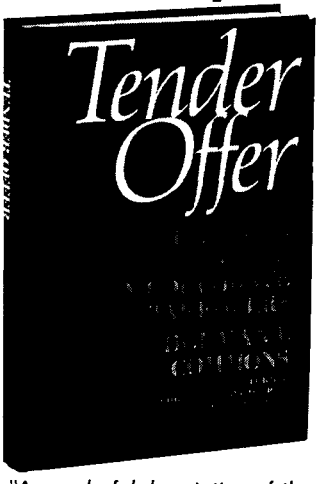

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New Deals: The Chrysler Revival and the American System. Robert R. Reich, John D. Donahue. *Times Books, $17.95.* At one level, this is an exceptionally detailed, and for the moment definitive, account of the federal rescue of the Chrysler Corporation. On another, and even more interesting level, the book is an attempt by one of the leading Democratic theorists of positive government to explore the reality of a major federal intervention in the marketplace.

The Chrysler story—described in *New Deals* with a combination of analytic skill, an eye for the telling anecdote and an understanding of detail and personality—is presented in four stages. They are: the deterioration of the number three automaker; the drive to gain federal support; the negotiations with stockholders, management, creditors and unions; and the aftermath of restored profitability. The second and third stages—the legislative process and the tough bargaining that followed—provide the most insight.

The central political strategy behind the Chrysler bailout was to persuade the administration and Congressmen that the legislation was in their self-interest. For Jimmy Carter, the legislation offered a means to try to retain the support of the United Automobile Workers in the face of a seemingly strong 1980 presidential primary challenge from Senator Edward M. Kennedy. For wavering members of the House and Senate, the corporation and its lobbyists put together detailed computer printouts showing, dollar by dollar, the cash flow from Chrysler to every supplier in every town in each district and state. To line up Democrats, Chrysler hired the lobbying firm of Patton, Boggs and Blow; for Republicans it was Timmons and Co. Joseph Ventura, who ran the Italian-American Foundation, backed by Lee Iacocca, put the arm on the 31-member House Italian-American caucus, persuading members to vote as a block for the bill. Even Gloria Steinem was brought into the battle to attempt to persuade pro-choice advocate Senator Bob Packwood, although her efforts proved futile.

In the legislative process, two unlikely heroes emerge in the Reich-Donahue scenario: Democratic Senator William Proxmire and Republican Senator John Heinz. Widely thought of as lightweights—Proxmire as a self-indulgent gadfly, Heinz as a rich kid who bought himself a Senate seat—both men played significant roles. Proxmire, chairman of the Banking Committee, recognized that he did not have the votes to stop the legislation, so he used his position to ensure a thorough airing of the issues and to insist on the addition of provisions limiting public liability. Heinz, a politician well experienced in corporate profits, attempted to require a stock dilution system so that the bailout would not become a government-financed bonanza for just those affluent shareholders whose investments are supposed to be subject to the risks of the marketplace. Heinz was, however, unsuccessful and stockholders did make out like bandits.

One of the toughest fights the federal government had with the management of Chrysler was to persuade Iacocca and other corporate officials to give up their company jets. Iacocca, one government regulator recalled, "called congressmen; he even called the White House. That was the only serious pressure we ever faced."

In the end, Iacocca gave up the jets, but his sacrifice was negligible in the distribution of suffering throughout a major industrial retrenchment. The people who took it on the chin were the automobile workers. Despite the company's stunning revival in 1984, its American workforce was still smaller by a third than it had been in 1979, Reich and Donahue point out.

"The primary beneficiaries of the rescue [were] the company's managers, creditors, and stockholders," the authors note. "These are precisely the groups that our economy rewards, and handsomely, for bearing risks. . .What gave was jobs."

In addition, some of the innovations of the Chrysler bailout—profit-sharing and union representation on the board—have "begun to atrophy." The workers gave up profit-sharing in return for a

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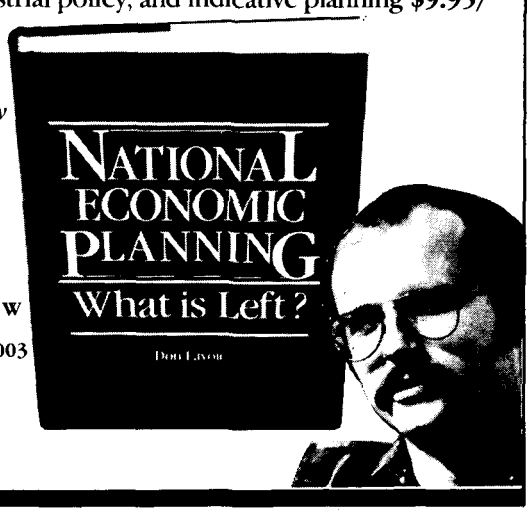

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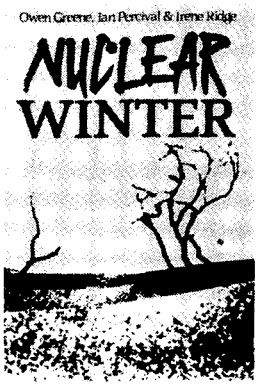

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75-cent-an-hour raise in 1982, and the company only reluctantly agreed to allow the board seat held by United Auto Workers President Douglas Fraser to go to his successor, Owen Bieber.

Reich and Donahue are very cautious in their conclusions: "Many of the participants in Chrysler's revival performed superbly.... But the episode left unproped the messier issues of what obligations we owe each other to share the risks, costs, and rewards of economic change."

In reality, the distribution of risks, costs, and rewards in a highly political process—like the Chrysler bailout—are not likely to be determined by abstract concepts such as societal "obligations," but instead by political power. The automobile industry faced an inevitable reduction in employment, but the absorption of the most severe penalties in retrenchment by the least senior of the assembly-line workers reflects the weakness of organized labor. Conversely, the political ascendancy of the stockholders, upper-level management, and bankers in the late 1970s and early 1980s was reflected not only in the outcome of the Chrysler bailout, but, on a much broader scale, in the adoption of tax policies benefiting the most affluent and in wide-ranging federal spending reductions directed at the working class and the poor.

—Thomas B. Edsall

The Politics of the American Civil Liberties Union. William A. Donohue. *Transaction Books.* In this ponderous diatribe against the ACLU, William Donohue argues that rather than serving as a nonpartisan watchdog of individual freedoms, the organization instead pursues a liberal political agenda. This, Donohue apparently assumes, will dismay his readers.

It would seem obvious that no individual or group can claim possession of an abstract standard of pure civil liberty. Liberties are often in conflict: a defendant's right to a fair trial may threaten a reporter's right of free inquiry. Workers' freedom to organize and bargain collectively may be rendered meaningless by management's right to speak freely in opposition. My right to be treated as an individual may conflict with your right to be free of the effects of race discrimination. The resolution of such deadlocks clearly hinges on one's political values.

Nevertheless, Donohue proceeds in numbing detail to set out the ACLU's deviation from the norm of absolute disinterestedness. He chronicles the organization's entanglement with progressive causes over the past 60 years, from its support of labor's right to organize in the twenties to its support for abortion rights and affirmative action in the eighties. When the ACLU failed to assume a liberal stance—its tentative support for employer free speech, for example, or its relative quiescence in the McCarthy era—Donohue characterizes such activity as hypocritical. In other words, the organization is either a "left liberal" cabal with "radical proclivities" or a group of political cowards.

Donohue's real beef is that the ACLU is liberal and not libertarian. For all his fulminating over the group's "partisan agenda," Donohue actually seems to resent the ACLU because it disagrees with *his* idea of civil liberty: entrepreneurism coupled with social and spiritual discipline. He is outraged because to him the ACLU's idea of liberty leads to license and ultimately libertinism. He concludes by stating, "It is sad but true that civil libertarians are more concerned about the right of a 14-year-old girl to buy a dildo from the corner drugstore than they are in the quality of her religious training." Such hyperbole, which permeates this polemic, ultimately demonstrates the fallacy of Donohue's central thesis. Donohue's quarrel with the ACLU is not that it deviates from some dispassionate norm that he embraces. His analysis is a smokescreen for a fundamental ideological disagreement about the meaning of liberty.

—Eric Lewis

Decline and Fail: The Ailing Nuclear Power Industry. Peter Stoler. *Dodd, Mead, $16.95.* Occasionally, I entertain a suspicion that one little surprise the 21st century has in store is that nuclear power will turn out to be important after all. Despite its title, *Decline and Fail* argues that such a development is not only likely but desirable. A quick check of the dust jacket finds the book endorsed by Carl Walske, president of the Atomic Industrial Forum, the nuclear industry's lobbying organization (Walske, by the way, is quoted several times inside the book, in approving contexts, which gives you some idea of how the blurb business works.)

The author, Peter Stoler, is with *Time* magazine. *Time* and *Newsweek* use a system under which "reporters" and "writers" are separate breeds. Reporters do interviews in the field and file something like diplomatic cables to writers in New York, who produce words. This curious arrangement engenders the classic newsweekly story, in which the author seems to have an astonishing depth of information at his disposal yet does not understand what he is talking about.

Apparently *Decline and Fail* was written in the same fashion. As far as can be determined from the text, Stoler did little or no reporting. Nearly everything in the book is attributed to articles in *The New York Times*, *The Wall Street Journal*, magazines, or books. In the few cases where it appears the author did more than simply whiz through the clip files, the results are not reassuring:

"'I resent it when someone in a corporate boardroom decides what risks I should accept,' says a Pennsylvania woman who cannot look out her window without seeing the cooling towers of Three Mile Island." *Time* is famed for punctuating stories with perfect quotes from conveniently anonymous sources even when there is no reason for the speaker's name to be withheld. Elsewhere: "'Nuclear power has been walking around like Dracula for the last few years,' said a young man who answered the phone at the San Francisco headquarters of the Sierra Club. 'These cancellations are the stake through its heart.'" Let's hope the usual factual standard at *Time* is a little higher than "a young man who an-

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swered the telephone."

Disciples of the *Time* ethos may defend file-based journalism, but the substance of several chapters of *Decline and Fail*—nearly half the book—appears to have been all but lifted from two earlier and far better books, *The Cult of the Atom*, by Daniel Ford, and *The Nuclear Barons*, by Peter Pringle and James Spigelman. In his notes section, Stoler cites *Cult* 43 times and *Barons* 27 times, yet in the text the former work is mentioned only twice and the latter not at all.

When Stoler speaks for himself, he adds little. Hiroshima and Nagasaki "[b]lasted into the minds of many scientists, as well as many ordinary people, a fear of the atom and its awesome power, a fear that remains unabated. Which is unfortunate. The atom itself is an innocent thing, devoid of politics, philosophy, or intent. The idea of the atom, in fact, goes back more than 2,000 years."

Stoler decries both the knee-jerk, anti-nuke attitudes found on the left and the unquestioning adoration of nukes, no matter how expensive or impractical, found on the right. But he never takes us inside the minds of the various factions to explain why such unreasonable extremes have developed, nor does he provide any level of understanding beyond "the industry said this, but critics said that." (An extraordinary view into the culture of the pro-nuclear faction can be found in *Nuclear Barons*, one of the most unappreciated nonfiction books of recent years.) Stoler recites over and again the litany of troubled nuclear generating projects—bad workmanship, arrogant unions, flawed design, incompetent inspections—without shedding any light on why this happens. Lots of complex industrial facilities get built without countless screw-ups: why is nuclear power work, by labor, management, and regulators alike, so often shoddy? Answering questions like this would be central to building a case for increased future use of the atom, but *Decline and Fail* offers few clues.

In a brief chapter of recommendations, Stoler declares that nuclear power could become fine and dandy if federal regulation was tightened while red tape was slashed, without pausing to indicate how this miracle would be accomplished. Throughout this chapter he speaks constantly of "the government," as in, "The most important thing the government can do is be honest," or "There is only one way the government can resolve this conflict." What's the government? Is it Congress? The President? The NRC, EPA, DOE, or Supreme Court? Imagining that Washington is a monolithic Government with a single orchestrated Plan is naive to say the least and suggests the kind of world view that results from reading clips and bureau reports rather than seeking answers in the flesh. There may indeed be a convincing book to be written advocating a revival of nuclear power. *Decline and Fall* isn't it.

—*Gregg Easterbrook*

Uncovering the Sixties: The Life and Times of the Underground Press. Abe Peck. *Pantheon, $12.95.* It would be easy to dismiss the underground press corps of the sixties as a gang of wild-eyed journalistic guerrillas. Their war on "Amerika" left no time for such

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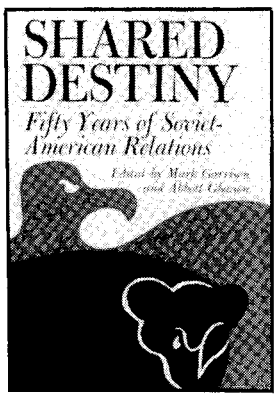

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trivialities as fact-checking. Their weapons were *New York Post*-sized headlines that screamed "Heil Columbia" and "Pigs Shoot to Kill—Bystanders Gunned Down."

But for all their blemishes, papers like *The Berkeley Barb* and *The East Village Other* thrived as energetic, irreverent experiments that provided needed insight to millions of readers—and changed American journalism for the better. Their excesses and innovations are apparent in this entertaining new history written by an alumnus of Chicago's underground *Seed* and now a more sedate journalism professor.

The author didn't neglect his research: he pored over microfilms of hundreds of old papers and interviewed almost a hundred writers and editors. But Peck emphasizes that this is history through *his* eyes. *Uncovering the Sixties* shifts easily from third-person narrative to personal recollection.

So did sixties underground journalism. At its heart, it was a revolt against the journalistic canon of objectivity, of pretending that your biases have no part in determining what stories you cover, whom you quote, or which facts you emphasize. Demonstrators covered the demonstrations; flower children had the drug beat.

Unmitigated bias can limit your audience, of course. As Peck notes, "Underground papers casually labeled tens of millions of Americans 'pigs'." The undergrounders didn't bother with presenting divergent views, confident that they knew so much about their subject that they didn't need to investigate opposing beliefs. On the other hand, participant journalists were freed to discover their own voices. These voices conveyed passion, something most news stories lacked, even though in the sixties passion was a critical element of "the story."

Often "straight" reporters took months or years to catch up to the undergrounders' probing of issues behind events. The Kerner Commission attributed the 1967 Newark and Detroit riots to institutionalized white racism and faulted the mass media for failing to report that—even though the underground did. Agent Orange and Operation Phoenix made headlines underground long before becoming "legitimate" stories, causing "concern" among some "authorities."

Like the Populist party at the turn of the century, many underground papers would die while their innovations would drift into the mainstream. They covered the emerging use of recreational drugs, environmental pollution, rock and roll, radical politics, civil rights, and women's rights when they were considered inconsequential by most dailies. Now some of those subjects are established beats.

A look at any issue of the *Utne Reader*, the *Reader's Digest* of the alternative press, testifies to the tremendous health of probing, nonrhetorical successors to *The Rat* and *The Berkeley Barb.* In a more accessible and responsible fashion, they maintain the pressure on the mainstream, while keeping a vibrant dissident press alive.

—*Paul Bass*

Hawks, Doves and Owls: An Agenda for Avoiding Nuclear War. Graham T. Allison, Albert Carnesale, Joseph S. Nye Jr. *Norton, $14.95.* Hawks, doves, and reporters tend to make the same mistake in thinking about the nuclear standoff. They dwell on the numbers (launchers, missiles, warheads, throw-weights) and propose policies (freeze, build-up, build-down) accordingly. This is a little like watching two hot rods tearing toward one another in a game of chicken and discussing the event in terms of wheelbases and horsepower. The point is to avoid a collision neither driver can survive.

This book is among the more accessible in a glut of recent academic writing on the problem, not of reducing or abolishing nuclear arsenals, but of minimizing the risk that they will be used.

Allison, Carnesale and Nye, all of the Kennedy School of Government at Harvard, provide an introduction and a list of specific proposals at the end. The meat is sandwiched in between in the form of essays by other academics. Each chapter spins out more or less plausible scenarios that fit one of the "five general paths to nuclear war" —escalation in Europe, nuclear accident, sneak attack, etc.—and then sets out to isolate factors that can be controlled.

As might be expected of a book that boasts "advance praise" from such polar opposites as Senator Edward Kennedy and the Pentagon's senior policy hawk, Dr. Fred Ikle, much of the book cuts a wide swath down the middle. For example, the authors are for better hotlines and more face-to-face meetings. Some of it is facile: "A verifiable agreement with the Soviet Union prohibiting production, stockpiling, and use of chemical weapons could make a useful contribution to raising the nuclear threshold," with no discussion of the dilemma embodied in the word "verifiable." There are annoying doses of pseudoscience; my favorite is the graph entitled, "Subjective Estimate of the Probability of a National Security Disaster in the Next Decade or So."

Still, the fact that many of the points are easy to agree with does not make them less important. And some of the arguments are more provocative. Liberals will find a couple of heresies adroitly, though too briefly, propounded. The authors reject a no-first-use pledge for allied nuclear forces in Europe. Not only do they defend the current policy of "flexible response," which declares nuclear weapons will be used in the event the allies are overrun by conventional attack; one author suggests a similar policy for the Middle East. Did Senator Kennedy read this part?

The book also argues that the United States should think hard about the notion of limited nuclear war. To many liberals, this strays from the gospel of deterrence into dangerous fantasies of nuclear warfighting. *Hawks, Doves and Owls* argues that it is possible and important to design "firebreaks" for stopping a catastrophe before it becomes a species-extinguishing inferno.

—*Bill Keller*

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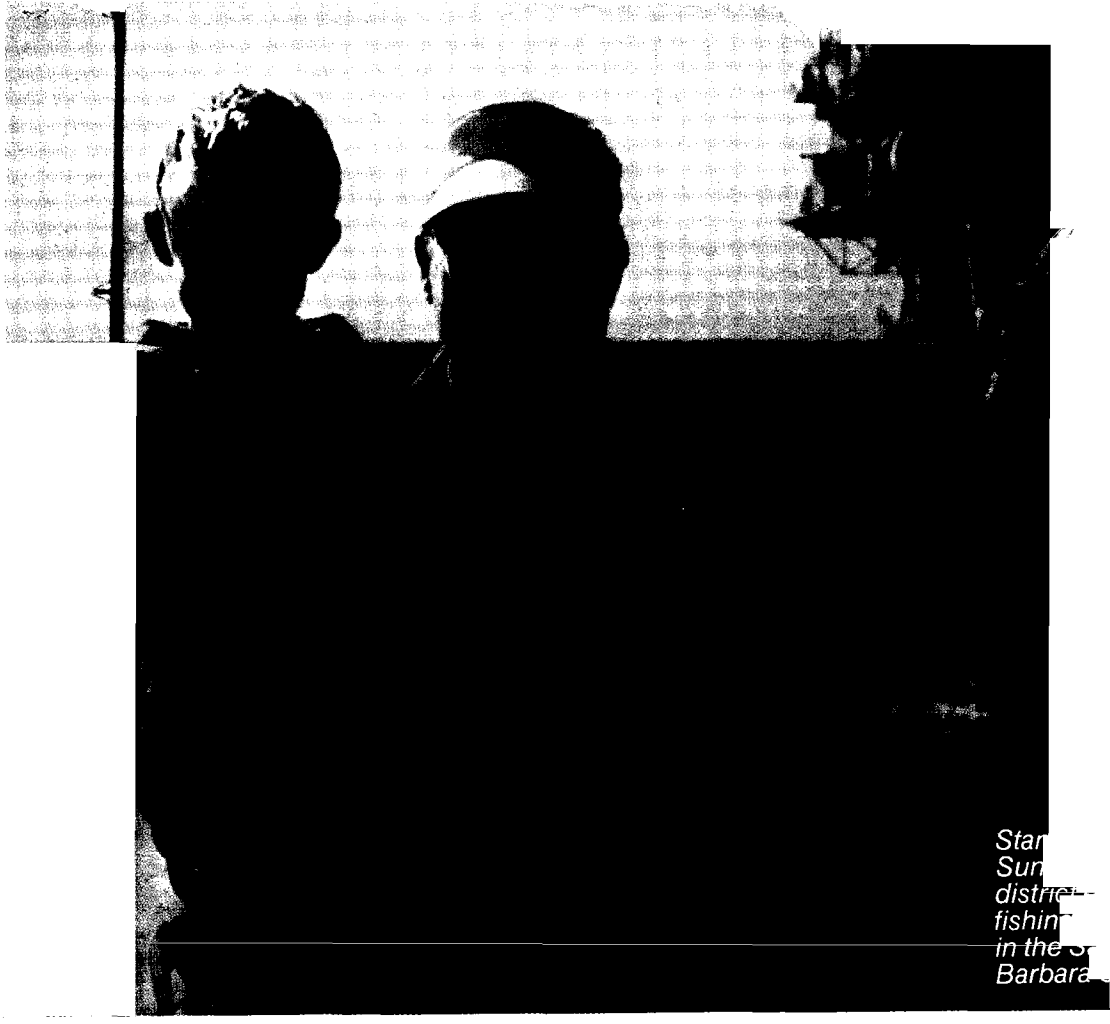

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